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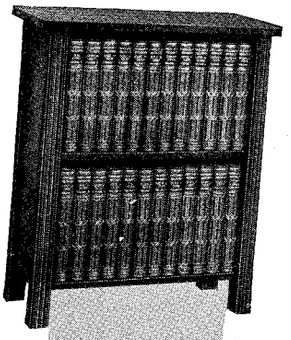

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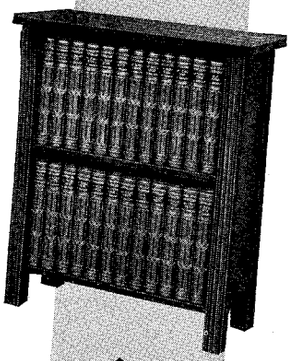

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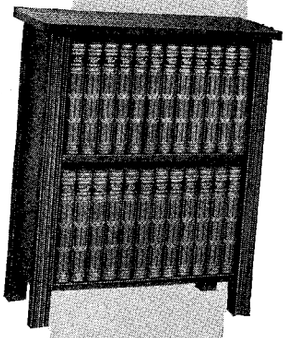

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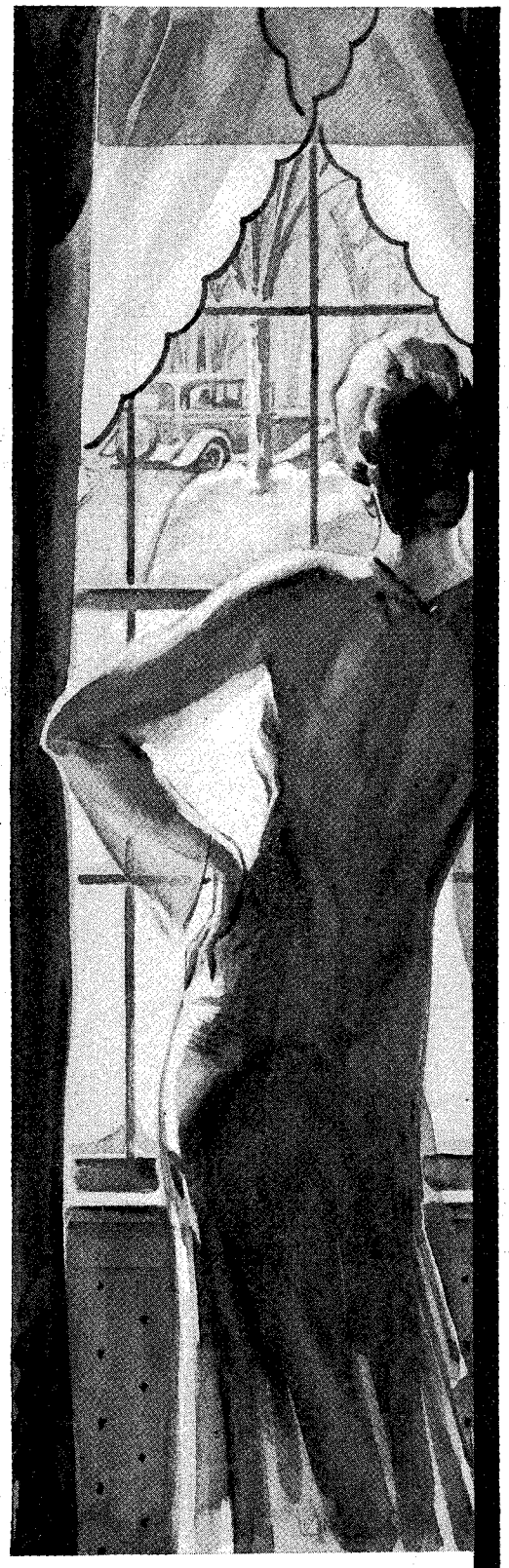

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 6, 1932

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Seabury Stripes the Tammany Tiger

SWINGING A MIGHTY BRUSH dipt in printers' ink and vitriol, Samuel Seabury paints fresh stripes of deepest black on the Tammany Tiger.

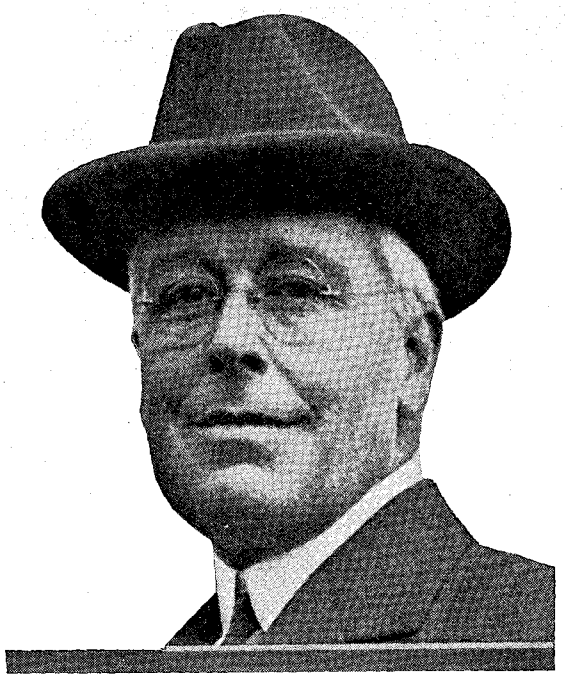
In a volume of 198 pages—forty-four newspaper columns—the counsel to the Hofstadter Legislative Committee rings the Tiger a hundred times.

This stripe symbolizes misuse of public funds, that one extortionate or improper fees. A third stands for traffic in political influence; a fourth for extravagance and waste.

One by one the Tiger gets his new set of carefully applied stripes from the accomplished hand of the pink-faced, silver-haired Legislative counsel, who for six months has been snapping the whip to an accompaniment of roars and growls.

But while a majority of papers praise the Seabury indictment, a strong-voiced minority declares that the investigation is "a dismal failure," nothing more than "a sinister campaign of slanderous suggestion." Comment on both sides will be found later in this article.

In the midst of this debate, the New York Legislature voted, by a narrow margin, to continue the investigation for a year. The Senate vote was 27 to 24, the Assembly's 76 to 70.



Underwood

"The Graft and Corruption

Established by the evidence are part of a system controlled by Tammany Hall and permeating the city," says Samuel Seabury.

Six months of delving into the political life of New York City are represented in the Seabury report—a feverish half-year of booming head-lines, with thirty-seven public hearings held and 173 witnesses questioned, and with legal battles galore as the investigators pushed their quest. This document, we read, is only the intermediate report. And it summarizes only what has been brought to light in the public hearings. In private, Mr. Seabury says, 2,260 persons have been examined.

As Hickman Powell writes in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Samuel Seabury fitted together all the various evidences of municipal corruption he has produced in the last six months, and set them forth as a single indictment of Tammany Hall."

HE "presented a complete analysis not only of the fortunes amassed by Tammany district leaders, but also of the kinds of misgovernment which have made the big bank accounts possible."

From the same paper we borrow a summary of some of the strongest sentences in the Seabury report:

"EXTORTION AND GRAFT: In whatever direction the light of the investigation has been turned, there have been revealed conditions suggestive of extortion and graft."

"TAMMANY HALL: It is perfectly apparent that what these men did is part of the system upon which Tammany Hall exists and expands; that Tammany Hall approves it, and is ready to extend its arm to the utmost to protect and perpetuate its sordid traffic in political influence."

"IDLENESS RELIEF: The evidence with respect to the administration of the unemployment-relief fund in Richmond and Manhattan establishes a shocking abuse of a sacred trust; it shows that the money of the taxpayers, appropriated by them to relieve starvation and privation, was used instead to take care of faithful Democrats."

"CITY'S FINANCIAL ILLS: The financial condition in which the City of New York finds itself is due to the waste, the graft, and the corruption with which the city is infested."

"SHERIFF FARLEY: He has no alternative except to confess grand larceny."

"MAYOR WALKER: The Mayor of the City of New York has not, by a single public utterance or act, made any attempt to induce his fugitive agent (Russell T. Sherwood, missing since August) to return."

"GEORGE W. OLVANY, ex-leader of Tammany Hall: In my opinion the evidence leaves no doubt that (Dr. William F.) Doyle and Olvany and political agencies which they represented were traffickers in political influence upon the Board of Standards and Appeals, and that the millions of dollars which they earned in the barter and sale of this influence was earned at the expense and to the prejudice of the people of the City of New York."

ON the constructive side, Mr. Seabury promises to present testimony at further hearings suggesting "changes which will raise the city from the low and sordid estate to which it has sunk."

"This will deal not only with the advisability of merging the borough and county governments and of eliminating unnecessary departments and officials," writes Mr. Powell, "but also with consideration of 'some plan which will make it possible for the administrative functions of the city to be performed exclusively by competent administrators who will be

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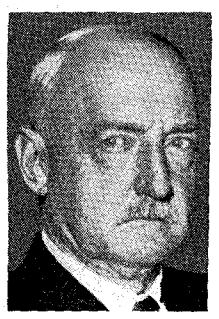
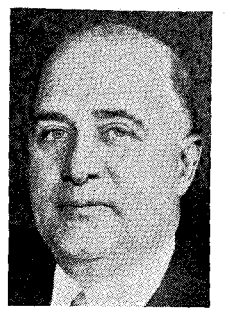


Keystone
John F. Curry

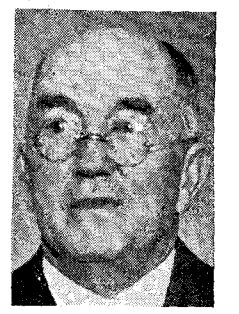
Keystone
George W. Olvany

Mayor Walker

Acme
Sheriff Farley



Keystone
Charles W. Culkin



International
Dr. Wm. F. Doyle

Tammany Men Who Have Drawn Mr. Seabury's Fire

free from political control. It is understood Mr. Seabury has some form of the city-manager plan under consideration"—

"Other subjects he will offer for consideration are the advisability of proportional representation and preferential voting, as well as proposals to take the administration of police, health agencies, and schools out of politics."

SCORCHING subheadings in the Seabury report not only summarize his charges against Tammany, but show how far and deep the investigation has ranged—

"The selling of political influence by the leader of Tammany Hall under the guise of legal fees.

"How Dr. Doyle, who split his fees, banked over a million dollars from his practise before the board (of Standards and Appeals) in a few years.

"The intervention of John F. Curry (present leader of Tammany Hall) in behalf of Doyle, ostensibly to accelerate the decision of constitutional questions, but actually to obstruct the work of the committee and aid Doyle.

"The connection between crime, illicit business, and politics in the City of New York.

"Farley (now sheriff of New York County) banked $396 503.66 during seven years on an income of less than $90,000.

"McQuade (Kings County sheriff) deposited $520,000 in six years, of which only $50,000 was his salary.

"The liaison between politics and professional gambling, political protection of criminals, political interference in the magistrates' courts, the District Attorney's office, and the police department.

"The profits of the police; the plainclothes men mulct the cheap speak-easies, while the more prosperous ones are reserved for the higher-ups."

THEN the report turns to still other fields, to charge evidence of corruption:

"The sale of waterfront leases in the City of New York by Tammany Hall.

"Extortion under the guise of 'legal fees' to lawyers nominated by Tammany Hall, altho no legal services were required.

"The retaining of Tammany Leader Olvany for his political influence in condemnation cases; the concealment of his relation to the cases by the use of 'dummy' attorneys of record.

"The mulcting of persons applying to the City Clerk to perform marriage ceremonies. (James J. McCormick, Deputy City Clerk, has been indicted, we read, on charges 'growing out of his admission that he took $16,000 a year in gratuities for performing marriages.')

"Charles W. Culkin, his relation with bootlegging while sheriff of New York County; his commercialization of his political influence while sheriff to attract business to a concern of which he was president; and his misappropriation of public moneys as sheriff.

"The record is eloquent not only because of the testimony which has been given but also because of the testimony which has been withheld by those who, by flight or obstruction, have thus far succeeded in avoiding examination."

TAMMANY spokesmen are quick to retort to the Seabury report. Charles F. Kerrigan, assistant to Mayor Walker, says, as quoted in the press:

"So far as I am aware, during the year Mr. Seabury has been running his investigation, he has not been inquiring into the administration of the city government. He has been more interested in the private affairs of persons connected with the city government. How, then, does he know what reforms, if any, are needed in the city's fundamental structure?"

"Judge Seabury has been a dismal failure," declares Assemblyman Louis A. Cuvillier, New York Democrat and a minority member of the Hofstadter Committee—

"It has dawned upon the millions who live in New York, and love New York, that their city, the greatest in the world, is getting a daily black eye from the counsel to the committee.

"The conviction is growing among the people that there is something sinister, something cruelly unfair, about this investigation; but this Republican legislative control committee did nothing to improve the government of the city of New York but to scrutinize the administration of the elective and appointive public officials, and to play for the head-lines in the public press of the alleged wrongdoing of some public official, which is an incident in the administration of all governments, no matter how well governed."

THE investigation, continues Mr. Cuvillier, "has all but succeeded so far in besmirching the character of 130,000 city employees by innuendoes and undermining the good-will and the financial standing of the city of New York." And he demands:

"Ten months have passed since this committee began functioning, and what has become of this investigation after Judge Seabury's prediction of startling revelations of a thousand wrongdoers, after his sorry siftings of the sordid, petty material collected by his hired defamers and licensed spies?"

"Let us resolve," he says in conclusion, "to stop this criminal waste of public funds and end the dismal failure of this committee to carry out the mandate of the Legislature by its joint resolution of 1931."

One of the few papers which criticize the inquiry is the New York *Daily Mirror*, which declares that, instead of developing a plan of government for the city, "the investigating body has engaged in a sinister campaign of slanderous suggestion based on the assumption that riches acquired by officials in private enterprise have been filched from city coffers."

Remarking that "Mr. Seabury wants a city manager," this "tabloid" paper adds that, "as between Mayor Walker and a non-resident flannel-belly to handle the city's affairs, voters may be depended to express their preferences with unmistakable emphasis."

BUT the great majority of papers praise Mr. Seabury for his revelations.

"He is the most terrifying biographer that Tammany has had in modern times," writes Walter Lippmann in the New York *Herald Tribune*. "It has thus far been shown," Mr. Lippmann reminds us, "that fourteen scattered politicians, one Tammany law firm and one corporation 'ostensibly engaged in the sale of electric bulbs and other electrical equipment' have, in the last few years, banked over $16,000,000." And on another point:

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"The investigation, which has thus far cost somewhere in the neighborhood of $500,000, is inexpensive.

"Mr. Seabury has by this time saved the people of New York at least that much merely by throwing a little of the fear of God into Tammany politicians."

"IT is impossible," says *The Herald Tribune* in an editorial, "to read this report without being appalled anew by the shameless betrayal of public trust which pervades the Tammany administration of the city." "Even the Tweed financial records," adds the New York *Times*, "were not more brazen or betraying." Then in analytical vein:

"Tammany defenders made an initial mistake in their attitude toward this legislative investigation, and are persisting in it to the end.

"Their correct tactics were obvious and simple. They should have thrown open every door. They should have admitted that in so vast an organization as the New York City government there might be found an occasional delinquent or scoundrel. Let him be caught, and no one would be quicker to denounce and expel him than Tammany. In that way the force of the blow might have been broken.

"But Tammany elected instead to block and dodge and thwart. It sought to protect every incriminated person, to head off every promising lead, and to fight the introduction of evidence tooth and nail.

"So doing, Tammany virtually took the position of a criminal under arrest, and gave implicit confirmation to every charge that Judge Seabury brought against it. He might not have been wholly credited at every point if Tammany had not acted so as to discredit itself at every point."

International

Will He Be a Kingfish in the Senate?

Huey P. Long (right) tenders his credentials as Senator from Louisiana to Vice-President Curtis.

"Seabury's great work must go on," proclaims the New York *Evening Post*. The report, it finds, builds "around city officials and Tammany politicians a circle of evidence that creeps in upon them from all points of the compass, until it leaves in deadly eminence the conviction that they are guilty of crime."—

"Judge Seabury, however, is not William Travers Jerome in his power of picturesque indictment. Nor is he another Charles S. Whitman in his ability to turn discoveries of political corruption into the terms of political counter-attack. He might, for instance, have coined a phrase to dramatize to the people the arrogant and lying invention of the 'tin box.' He might have summed up into one astounding total the large sums of money that he found in 'private accounts' of city officials or Tammany bosses.

"We may regret this lack in one way, yet we can not refrain from a deep pride regarding it, when we scan it from a higher prospect. It is not fighting Tammany with its own weapons. It is not fighting as Our Mayor fights, with wise-cracks and appeals to prejudice. Quite the contrary. It is the solid pushing forward of sapping and mining operations from every side against the Tammany citadel."

TWO quotations typify the comment of outside papers.

The Seabury report "is an impressive summing up of the evidence obtained of rottenness in the administration of the city," asserts the Springfield *Republican*. And the Washington *Post:*

"But it remains to be seen whether the people of Gotham will arouse from their political apathy long enough to shake off the strangle grip which the Tammany Tiger holds on New York's throat."

A Louisiana Kingfish in Washington

"BACK HOME THEY CALL me Kingfish." Well, Huey Long may be a Kingfish in Louisiana, but as a freshman Senator he is but "a minnow in the Washington pool," observes the New York *Times*, altho in time, with his aggressiveness and genius for publicity, "he will be a carp, a swordfish, a dog-in-the-manger fish, a shark, a barracuda or a whale."

Mr. Long's entrance on the national scene is generally hailed by the press as adding much to the picturesqueness of the Senate.

Certainly the gentleman from Louisiana did his best to create that impression. He left New Orleans with such a demonstration as the New Orleans *States* thinks has never before been accorded to any Washington-bound representative of the State. While personal aides were handling the Senator's ten brand new handbags and assigning space on the Huey P. Long special Pullman, the Governor was using his last moments giving telephone orders. For had he not remained Governor until he could see a new Governor elected, and his own man temporarily in the Governor's chair until May guarded by State troops while his arch enemy Dr. Cyr uttered futile proclamations from his rural home?

And when the Long party reached Washington it was one grand day for the newspaper men. At nine o'clock in the morning they were received by Mr. Long himself, "his red curly hair rumpled, a cigar in one hand, and shaving-brush and razor in the other, he sat on a divan in his lavender pajamas," to quote a United Press description. It was on this occasion that he made the Kingfish remark, adding that, however, he knew that in Washington he was "a little fish in a big pond." He praised Speaker Garner, Alfred E. Smith, and Senators Harrison and Robinson as Presidential timber but dismissed Governor Roosevelt as a weak candidate. Later he breezed into his Senate offices, and then took the oath, giving the Senate its full membership of 96 for the first time this session. At the end of that day he was asked how he liked the Senate and replied: "It's the Government; I've got to like it."

Typical of editorial comment on this new apparition in Washington is this from the Richmond *Times-Dispatch:*

"The Louisianan is one of those odd characters that appear frequently in the political arena and gain country-wide notoriety.

"Usually, a politician of their sort is a mere flash in the pan, without such qualities as are required to establish enduring popularity. They flit brightly across the political horizon, vanish and are seen no more."

But Huey P. Long, declares the Houston *Post-Dispatch*, "is deserving of credit for breaking the shell that had encrusted Louisiana in backwardness and conservatism for so many years, and in modernizing the State."

And in Louisiana, the New Orleans *Item-Tribune* thinks it "quite safe to say that in his new field at Washington he will have the good wishes of most of Louisiana's people."

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A New Boost for the Baker Boom

IT WAS A LITTLE TRICK on the newspaper men.

Off for Mexico on the *Siboney*, Mr. Newton D. Baker had told them that his trip had "nothing to do with business, law, statesmanship, or romance—except a romance with Mrs. Baker."

And with his usual self-possession he had fenced a bit on the question whether he was a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination and, finally, said, "The answer is no!"

With a few more commonplaces on politics, Mr. Baker sailed, and then there was published in the New York *World-Telegram*—and in the other papers afterward—a prepared statement on the League of Nations which all the newspapers and politicians at once seized upon as one of the important events of the political campaign.

Underwood

"The Answer Is No!"

Newton D. Baker insists he's not a candidate, but his League statement helps to boost the Baker boom.

It was the first big surprize of the campaign, said *The World-Telegram*, adding that it eliminated the League of Nations "from the list of troublesome Democratic Presidential campaign issues."

And it also removed, said *The Times*, speaking for a host of newspapers, the chief obstacle to Mr. Baker's eligibility for the Presidential nomination. For Mr. Baker's greatest handicap as a potential candidate, almost every one agreed, was his zeal for the League of Nations, since politicians generally regard the League as vastly unpopular with the American public.

IN Mr. Baker's statement he simply made more clear an attitude frequently exprest in private:

"I have stated publicly several times within the past two or three years that the question of America's joining the League is at present not a matter in the field of practical political discussion.

"I would not take the United States into the League, if I had the power to do so, until there is an informed and convinced majority sentiment in favor of that action in the United States.

"I am not in favor of a plank in the Democratic national platform urging our joining the League. I think it would be a great mistake to make a partizan issue of the matter.

"I think we will go into the League, some day, and I think we ought to. But I don't think that we should take that action until the people of the United States have had a chance to see the League in action, and to study its action enough to be fully satisfied as to the wisdom of such a course.

"In the meantime, I feel that it is wise for the United States to cooperate with the League with the utmost sympathy in its efforts to preserve peace, and for the American people to study the League, and so overcome some of our unwarranted prejudices against it."

THUS the League of Nations issue is eliminated from the campaign, says *The World-Telegram*, and its elimination "is expected to please the anti-Roosevelt forces who, while fancying Mr. Baker, have not been oblivious that the issue of the League has already suffered repudiation in a Presidential election, altho the issues, it is true, were somewhat confused."

In Washington, it is held that whereas Mr. Baker's earlier pro-League declarations had put him somewhat out of the running as a "dark horse" in the Democratic convention, his statement that the League should not be made a partizan issue has put him back in the running again. So we read in the New York *Times*. In a New York *Herald Tribune* dispatch the Washington view is now said to be that Mr. Baker has made himself available to head the Democratic ticket. And in making such a statement, Washingtonians feel, so J. F. Essary of the Baltimore *Sun* reports, that "Mr. Baker plainly indicated his willingness to receive support for the nomination even tho he will not actively seek such support."

It will be remembered that altho Mr. Baker has a strong following in his native State of Ohio, he is party to an agreement whereby the Ohio delegation at Chicago will support Gov. George White in the earlier balloting. As that important pro-Baker Democratic daily, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, puts it: "The Ohio delegation for White first. Then for Newton D. Baker!"

But even tho Mr. Baker remains in the background, writes Ernest K. Lindley in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "it is realized that by removing his greatest political incumbrance, he may retard the Roosevelt movement."

THREE developments within twenty-four hours projected Mr. Baker into an important position in the Democratic Presidential race, writes Raymond Clapper for the United Press. First there was the statement on the League. Second, there was revived speculation on a possible rift between Governor Roosevelt and Alfred E. Smith. Third, "Roosevelt declined to comment on the League issue, saying that it was not to be construed as 'pussyfooting,' but that he was too busy with State affairs to give thought to national matters." And if Roosevelt continues this course, says Mr. Clapper, "it may prevent him from building up a platform of national issues to strengthen his Presidential candidacy, in the view of some political authorities."

And yet the selection of Baker, in spite of this statement, "would unquestionably make the League of Nations an issue in the next campaign," says Edward T. Folliard in the Washington *Post*. George T. Holmes of the International News Service agrees that his statement is not calculated to enhance the prospect of Newton D. Baker's nomination:

"He has been too long identified with the movement to put the United States into the League for one statement to dissociate him from it."

"Mr. Baker has not lost faith in the League," declares the Richmond *News-Leader;* "but he is nothing if not practical, knowing that America is not yet convinced of the advantage of joining the League, he would not make membership a question in the campaign of 1932, but would leave it to the future."

But another Virginia daily, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, feels that tho "Mr. Baker has brought himself measurably nearer the nomination by choosing the smoother path of expediency, he has left himself open to the suspicion that the prospect of the nomination is more inviting than the principles for which he once fought a courageous if losing battle."

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Japan's Thrust in Shanghai

ANOTHER ATTACK OF THE "JITTERS" for an already nervous world: the Shanghai clash.

Just as things were beginning to calm down a bit after the Manchurian uproar, Shanghai, commercial metropolis of China, leapt into the news as the new focal point of Chino-Japanese animosity.

And so the strained nerves of Washington, Paris, London, and Geneva are jangled again.

Why does Japan stage her latest move against China in Shanghai? What leads her to serve ultimatums on that city and to back up the threat by sending war-ships and landing marines?

Whatever additional provocation there may have been, "behind the latest trouble in the Orient is the desperate need on the part of Japan to halt the anti-Japanese boycott," writes Drew Pearson, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*. And because this seems a basic fact in the situation, Mr. Pearson's dispatch helps clarify the broil for us:

"This boycott, it was said by State Department officials today, has eaten deeply into Japanese trade. Japan ordinarily sells 30 per cent. of all her exports to China. But with Chinese authorities refusing to berth Japanese ships, Chinese coolies refusing to land Japanese cargoes, and Chinese merchants refusing to handle Japanese goods, this trade has sunk to an unknown but unquestionably insignificant fraction.

"As a result, the pressure of Tokyo exporters on the Japanese Government is reported to be tremendous.

"The easiest retaliation for this boycott, it was pointed out here, would be a blockade of important Chinese ports by the Japanese Navy. A few Japanese vessels in the mouths of the principal rivers could cut off all trade with Shanghai, Nanking, Hankow, Tientsin, Peiping, and Canton, and probably could eventually starve the Chinese into submission.

"This, however, also would cut off American and British trade with China, which is tremendous, together with the trade of all other nations, which is not inconsiderable. And since a blockade without a declaration of war is contrary to international law, such a move by Japan probably would involve her in complications much broader than she would wish to incur.

"The probable result of the Japanese activities, therefore, as viewed by Far Eastern experts here, would be to vex China into a declaration of war, which would permit a blockade of Chinese ports."

THE Shanghai crisis was brought to a head, we read, when five Japanese Buddhist monks were attacked by Chinese and one was fatally hurt. This was but one of a series of violent clashes. The Japanese presented a series of demands, including suppression of all anti-Japanese organizations and all anti-Japanese activities.

As Japan continued with preparations to enforce her demands and 17,000 Chinese troops made ready to resist an attack, the fear spread that American and British interests might become involved in the event that hostilities affected the International Settlement. All Americans, of whom there are more than 3,000 in Shanghai, were ordered to retire to the International Settlement in case of an outbreak.

Then the Chinese, with 4,000 Japanese marines and twenty-three war-ships standing by, accepted in full the Japanese demands. Nevertheless the Japanese proceeded to occupy Shanghai.

Throwing light on the Japanese attitude is an article by Rodney Gilbert in the New York *Herald Tribune*, in which he tells us—

"The Japanese Government is fully committed to the view that the boycott is an aggressive and provocative hostile national act—a Chinese assault on the Japanese nation with a blunt weapon which Japan is entitled to resent with a sharp one. And this is a position from which no element in Japan now seems disposed to move the Government.

"The logic of Japan's argument in support of this view of an officially inspired campaign against a supposedly friendly nation's commerce is not going to be easy to refute in view of the fact that the League Covenant prescribes the national boycott as a punitive and therefore hostile measure.

"But whether Japan can force a Chinese Government to assume responsibility for this particular hostile measure and then put an end to it is much more doubtful, after the way in which the responsible Manchurian régime simply faded away under Japanese pressure, and will therefore be a matter of far greater material interest to the Occidental communities in China than the legalistic aspect of the boycott as an offensive weapon."

"THE peremptory action of Japan at Shanghai may easily lead to serious international complications," points out the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and the New York *Journal of Commerce*

A New Technique for Breaking Down Sales Resistance

—Rose in the Boston "Herald."

believes that "the present situation calls for real statesmanship on the part of the United States and the European Powers." To *The Christian Science Monitor*, "Japanese behavior in Shanghai is some measure of the hold that the military has obtained over Japan's China policy." Here is the view of the Philadelphia *Record:*

"The Japanese Army started by slapping a customer in the face with its establishment of control over Manchuria. The customer, insulted, refuses to buy. So the Army now attempts to mend matters by threatening to shoot the customer."

OUTSIDE Powers must adopt firmer methods, thinks the Manchester *Union:*

"Japan may have been led to believe by its successful ignoring of the feeble protests of the League of Nations that it can carry this policy on indefinitely. If this is the case, it is plain that the time has come when firmer methods will have to be adopted by the other Powers with interests in China, unless they are willing to see their rights treated with the same indifference that has characterized Japan's attitude toward China."

Also sympathizing with China, the St. Louis *Star* declares:

"The boycott of Japanese goods ought to be world-wide.

"A quiet resolve to buy no goods from a violator of the Kellogg Pact would be more effective than diplomatic warnings or appeals to honor, when dealing with a Government that has no need to fear warnings and shows itself to be without honor."

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Chicago's Funeral Racket

THE BODY OF A CHICAGO HOUSEWIFE was buffeted about at her funeral services because of a union controversy.

Four arrests were made, according to the Chicago *Tribune's* report of the incident, and "it was necessary for a policeman to drive the hearse containing her body to the cemetery.

"Other policemen and a representative of the State's Attorney's office drove the members of her family, a car of mourners and the flower car to the church and cemetery.

"Two motor-cycle policemen were assigned to guard the body on its way to the grave. A shotgun squad was in the cortège for the protection of the living as well as of the dead."

No Ghost Story, Either

—Shoemaker, Chicago "Daily News."

The trouble, according to *The Tribune*, "was due to the efforts of the livery car chauffeurs' union to enforce a rule that none except union livery cars can drive in funeral processions. Owners were forbidden to drive their own cars."

Because of the same union action, the remains of Mrs. Mathilda Johnson, mother of the Federal District Attorney in Chicago, had to go unescorted to their last resting place, altho friends had gathered to join in the cortège.

Thus the funeral racket made its brief appearance on the public stage, only to be hooted off by an aroused public the nation over. Few recent occurrences have roused such wide spread denunciation. But of course we are warned by the Birmingham *News*, "this sort of thing can not have the sanction of respectable trade unions."

Chicago was beginning to pride itself on throwing off the gangster yoke, when the Livery Car Chauffeurs Union, through Ed Reilly, its president, announced that private automobiles would be barred from funeral processions. Thus W. A. S. Douglas, reviewing the situation in a Chicago dispatch to the Baltimore *Sun*. Reading on:

"The county grand jury voted to indict Reilly and six drivers on charges of conspiracy to interrupt funeral processions. But still the embargo laid down by the union continued.

"It remained for Edward Riley [not the union official] and Saul Weiner, World War veterans, to bring about a remedy through their own deaths."

AT Riley's funeral the union ordered a truck carrying the customary firing squad to leave the procession. The veterans refused, and made it stick. Later "the State's Attorney's office was warned that the Legion would see to it that such scenes would never occur again." Continuing:

"The Yarmo-Dever Post of the Legion, acting under instructions, buried Saul Weiner, using an artillery caisson for a hearse. Two hundred armed veterans flanked the cortège. There were no disturbances, but as Weiner's body was being lowered into the grave, President Reilly and Secretary Kerrigan, of the Livery Drivers' Union, appeared at the office of Assistant State's Attorney Charles Mueller. The official was informed by the union leaders that there would be no further attempt to rule private cars out of funeral processions."

The Senate's Wet-Dry "Test"

"DISCOURAGED WETS RETIRE into their shells amid the taunts of the jubilant drys."

Sadly, the Columbus *Evening Dispatch* makes this admission, and many other papers with wet sympathies agree that their cause has suffered a setback.

They are talking about the result of the first Prohibition test in the Senate in twelve years, which was forced by Senator Hiram Bingham, Republican, Connecticut, and found the wets holding down the small end of a 55 to 15 vote.

"Senator Bingham Pulls a Boner," is the caption of *The Evening Dispatch's* editorial, and in stronger language the Philadelphia *Record* cries out: "Save the wets from their fool friends!"

But Senator Bingham is not without defenders. Most of the wet papers which criticize him find him guilty of "poor strategy" in forcing a vote on his resolution "prematurely."

This measure, mild enough from the wet view-point, provided that the Senate "would welcome" any action by the Governors in recommending to their legislatures steps to permit referenda on repeal or modification of the Volstead Law.

Characterizing the Bingham proposal as "ridiculous," Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas, Democratic floor leader, said it was "a patent attempt to pass the buck to the States," and, not representing any decisive action by the Senate, it was "a pitiable portrayal of impotence and cowardice" on the part of that body.

On top of this, Senator M. M. Neely, Democrat, West Virginia, another dry, declared:

"The alleged fiddling of Nero while Rome burned was an exhibition of sound wisdom and extraordinary prudence compared to the folly of the Senate spending four or five hours a week debating the question of intoxicating drinks with 20,000,000 American people starving to death.

"In God's name, let the booze question be adjourned!"

TAKING the position that the resolution was an attempt to avoid the issue of repeal, Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, wet Democrat, Illinois, had this to say:

"I regret that we are in an era which seems to express a form of cowardice on the part of the public servants. But all the more I deplore the shifting evasion which invariably occupies the minds and directs the conduct on the part of public servants, particularly eminent officials in the Congressional halls of my country."

Only seven Democrats and eight Republicans voted for the resolution, while twenty-eight Democrats, twenty-six Republicans and the lone Farmer-Labor member combined for its defeat.

"The drys regarded the Senate's action as a particularly severe blow to the wets, who, they said, were counting upon heavy gains in this Congress to furnish ammunition in a fight to force the national conventions to adopt planks favoring repeal or modification of the dry laws," writes the correspondent of the New York *Times*. "The wets had listed thirty-seven Senators and nearly 200 members of the House as favoring some form of repeal or modification." This correspondent then quotes Edwin C. Dinwiddie, executive secretary of the National Prohibition Board of Strategy:

"Instead of gaining votes on their most innocent proposition when they sought to catch the drys unawares and put a 'fast one' over they did not even poll their normal admitted strength.

"The Senate continues to reflect the overwhelming dry sentiment of the country and to show that the people's legislative representatives are wise to manufactured wet propaganda.

"This is a foretaste of what the wets may expect on repeal and modification and nullification proposals in Congress."

But "altho the drys are interpreting the result as an utter rout for the wets, it is generally held in Senate circles that the vote was not a clear-cut expression of Senate wet and dry views," writes the correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*. "It

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is expected that later on there will be a vote on modification or on repeal and that the line-up may be in some respects different."

Anti-Prohibitionists seemed to fear that the vote on the Bingham resolution would tend to slow up action for a test vote in the House. But the correspondents tell us that House wets are looking forward confidently to two tests, on the resubmission of the Eighteenth Amendment and on modification of the Volstead Law.

Those wets who were mystified by Senator Bingham's action in forcing a "premature" vote on his resolution were enlightened when the Senator explained to the press:

"One reason for this was to show the extreme wets the utterly hopeless situation in the Senate with regard to repeal.

"Several of the wet organizations have declined my invitation to appear in favor of my 4 per cent. beer bill because they thought there was a better chance for a drive for straight repeal."

UNDAUNTED by the Senate vote, Henry H. Curran, president of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, sent a letter to members of both Houses asking support for a resolution for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Turning to the editorial comment—the Bingham resolution vote "should shut off, for this session at least, the time-wasting and futile wet efforts in Congress," declares *The Christian Science Monitor*, summing up for the drys. "None of the wet bills introduced in this session has any chance of passing; the only result that these bills can hope to achieve is to make the floors and committee rooms of the two Houses sounding-boards for wet propaganda." Then—

"That such tactics should be pursued when millions of people are in distress which can be alleviated by essential legislation that still awaits the pleasure of Congress is only an indication of the lengths to which wet fanaticism will go."

Some wet papers view the vote as a severe blow to their cause; others are not discouraged by it.

"It was a crushing defeat," admits the Philadelphia *Record*, already quoted. "It is a severe setback for the friends of true temperance." But "the wets have only themselves to blame for the debacle," declares *The Record*, for the Bingham resolution was "a hesitant, timid piece of inept legislation," introduced at "a most untimely moment, when relief and economic legislation should have been given the right-of-way." Furthermore:

"If there had been any real wet leadership in the Senate, it would have sat upon Mr. Bingham and never permitted so vacuous a resolution to have been presented."

"Ill-judged, ill-timed, and inconclusive," is the New York *Times's* characterization of the resolution.

"There was reason to believe that before Mr. Bingham waltzed in with his silly gesture, something like a third of the Senate membership was prepared to favor a resolution to resubmit the Eighteenth Amendment to constitutional conventions in the States," asserts the New York *Herald Tribune*. This paper concludes:

"Mr. Bingham's blunder is not of major importance. The movement against Prohibition is far too strong and logical to suffer any discouragement from the result of his ineptitude. But it does furnish an object-lesson in the futility of trying to propitiate the opposition with soft blows."

BUT in Senator Bingham's home State, the New Haven *Journal-Courier* defends his action on the ground that the elimination of Prohibition can not be accomplished in one jump:

"The resolution was obviously a compromise. It was about as mild a measure as could be drawn while still expressing the wet point of view. But it was quite right as it represented not the whole leap, but only part of it. For in the physics of statecraft there are stresses which can not safely be relaxed at once. One must approach them gingerly and proceed by degrees. This is what Senator Bingham is trying to do."

Paying the War Debt With Islands

IF EUROPE CAN'T PAY US IN CASH, why not in real estate?

Specifically, why shouldn't Britain and France give us their islands near our shores in part payment of their war debts?

With all this debate about the necessity of Uncle Sam's canceling the debts to restore world prosperity, more than one editor is attracted by the proposal for us to accept land in lieu of money.

But the opposition cries:

"We have troubles enough now without taking on any more."

Latest to advocate cession of these possessions to us is Representative Louis T. McFadden, Republican, Pennsylvania, who recently underwent a verbal hammering for his fiery excoriation of President Hoover in connection with the moratorium.

Wide World

Pay Us With Islands

Suggests Representative McFadden to England and France as a solution of their war-debt problem.

"If these possessions of Great Britain and France were given over to the United States," he says, "not only would they constitute a partial settlement of the war debts and a splendid gesture of peace, but also it would constitute the most effectual step in real disarmament that nations have ever taken." Referring to the British possessions:

"The territory is extensive. It comprises some four hundred islands and the mainland colonies of British Honduras in Central America and British Guiana in South America. The area involved is some 110,000 square miles, and the population about 2,300,000.

"The possessions of France in American waters are less extensive than those of England.

"They begin on the north with St. Pierre and Miquelon, and include Martinique, the Guadeloupe Islands, and French Guiana, the latter a mainland colony with some coastal islands. The total area is 33,000 square miles and the population 529,000."

FINDING public opinion in Great Britain and France indignant over the proposal, the Chicago *Tribune* expresses its impatience:

"Every time the creditor discovers an asset which the debtor might use, if he's broke, as he says he is, the indignation takes a moral turn which would abash even a less sensitive creature than Uncle Sam.

"These islands, French and British, have been tossed about as the spoils of war ever since their discovery.

"They have been conquered, looted, swapped, thrown in for good measure, and in every way been the pawns of empire. They have been used as compensations. They have been taken away as punishment. Flags have been raised over them, and hauled down.

"They now represent the fading vestiges of the peoples who have been thrown out of the western hemisphere, but when it is suggested that they could be incorporated into their natural domain, in part discharge of a debt which should be honorably discharged, the proposal is found to be tainted with greed, indecency, and inhumanity."

Another view is exprest by the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle:*

"So long as the principle that peoples shall not be bartered about like chattels prevails, and so long as none of the peoples in the possessions that might be ceded to us express any desire for the transfer, there seems no sense of justice in the proposal that colonies be turned over for debt."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

ALL that most foreign countries ask of Uncle Sam is to be left a loan.—*Dallas News.*

A CHINAMAN'S chance seems to be what the Chinese haven't got in Manchuria.—*Arizona Producer.*

MAYBE the stars and planets don't affect human conduct, but it's the most charitable explanation.—*Minneapolis Star.*

FORTUNATELY, every closed bank has sufficient assets to pay the receivers and lawyers who "liquidate" it.—*Duluth Herald.*

RIPLEY tells of a nebula which is "speeding away from the earth at the rate of 11,000 miles a second." We'd say that its discretion matches its speed.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

As we understand it, Germany is due to remain financially sick until she is well heeled.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

IT is a fact that singing is extremely beneficial in certain cases of deafness, says a medical column. And vice-versa.—*Life.*

THE Japanese recognize only two kinds of Chinamen. If they run, they're Chinese soldiers. If they fight, they're bandits.—*San Diego Union.*

IT'S the little things that have made America look askance at Japan's intentions in Manchuria—things like sending the regulars in, instead of Marines.—*Detroit News.*

THE President of Lehigh University says students have changed very little in the past thirty years. This is why parents who have sons or daughters in college worry.—*Life.*

WE do not feel fully qualified to help out the information man in explaining the make-up of the Japanese Diet, but from the way things have been going lately we wouldn't be surprized to find out that it was mostly raw meat.—*Boston Herald.*

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"Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before"

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service

THERE'S currency enough in this country, no doubt, but our personal impression is that it's insufficiently current.—*Weston Leader.*

THERE is nothing strange in the fact that the American tourist trade in Canada has taken a drop. It always did.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A BUSINESS leader says that work will end the depression. Well, turn about is fair play—the depression has almost ended work.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

THE juice of a South American plant is said to have the power to make the natives see visions of things that could never happen. Well, up here we have Hollywood.—*Life.*

JAPAN appears to have Manchuria under her thumb. We suspect the other is secretly applied to her nose, with the fingers spread in the general direction of Geneva.—*Weston Leader.*

IN international affairs, as you may have gleaned from the debates in the nation's capital, the holiday comes after the debts. In every-day life, however, it's vice versa.—*Boston Herald.*

ON reading the dispatch, "Japan warns foreigners to leave Manchuria," I almost burst out with applause; but after a moment I remembered that Japan is not in the habit of talking to herself.—*Detroit News.*

POLITICAL pie is made up of boloney, apple-sauce, plums, and dough.—*Louisville Times.*

THE depression has dissipated the old nonsense about $2 bills being unlucky.—*Portland Oregonian.*

THESE Democratic dinners are simply getting us in training for seats at the pie counter.—*Mobile Register.*

GOVERNMENT statistician says that people are consuming fewer apples. But more apple-sauce.—*Arizona Producer.*

THERE is reason for optimism, declares a noted publicist, if we view the financial situation as a whole. The trouble is that most of us are viewing it without the "w."—*Boston Herald.*

CHEER up, Arizona farmers. It could be worse. Suppose oil or copper were found on your land.—*Arizona Producer.*

THE Government is optimistic. They are mailing out the income-tax blanks to the old mailing list.—*Brunswick Pilot.*

THE ideal marriage is when a man finds a beautiful girl and a good housewife, says a philosopher. . . . We thought that was bigamy.—*Life.*

EASTERN dealers offer a novelty in the shape of a glass revolver filled with bootleg liquor. Customers preferring something safer may, of course, demand a real revolver.—*Detroit News.*

CONGRESS will probably abolish its lame-duck session. The result will be that lame ducks will get their federal appointments without having to wait as long as they used to.—*San Diego Union.*

WE offer to manufacturers of gas-stoves the little suggestion that they put an extra lighter somewhere near the top of the upper oven so that domestically inclined brides will not have to lean over so far to light their cigarets.—*Boston Herald.*

WHEN Japan gets the Chinese bandits all subdued will she be eligible for the Nobel peace prize?—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

"WHAT do you do with your old suit?" asks a woman novelist. Take it off at night and put it on again in the morning.—*The Humorist (London).*

THE only certain thing about prosperity is that a lot of busy people will be enjoying it while others are watching for it to show up.—*Boston Post.*

No doubt T. R., Jr., will have a successful administration in the Philippines. For one thing, he will not have to run against Al Smith.—*The New Yorker.*

THE Democrats have a tough break. If business improves now the Republicans get the political jobs again, and if business doesn't improve the political jobs won't be worth having.—*Life.*

"IT is difficult for an outsider to get into the best Hollywood society," says a writer. Presumably one has to live there quite a time before beginning to move in the best triangles.—*The Humorist.*

BUCKINGHAM CHANDLER says that the farmer never knows hunger or unemployment. It's the farmer's wife who never knows unemployment, and that is why the farmer never knows hunger.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

India—Where Briton, Hindu, and Moslem Clash

AMID REGAL PAGEANTRY the Viceroy of India, the Earl of Willingdon, rode in his State carriage beneath the gold umbrella to open the Legislative Assembly at New Delhi.

Ahead of him trotted a body-guard in scarlet, bearing aloft his pale blue standard, surmounted with the Star of India.

Silver trumpets sounded a royal salute as he entered the Council House.

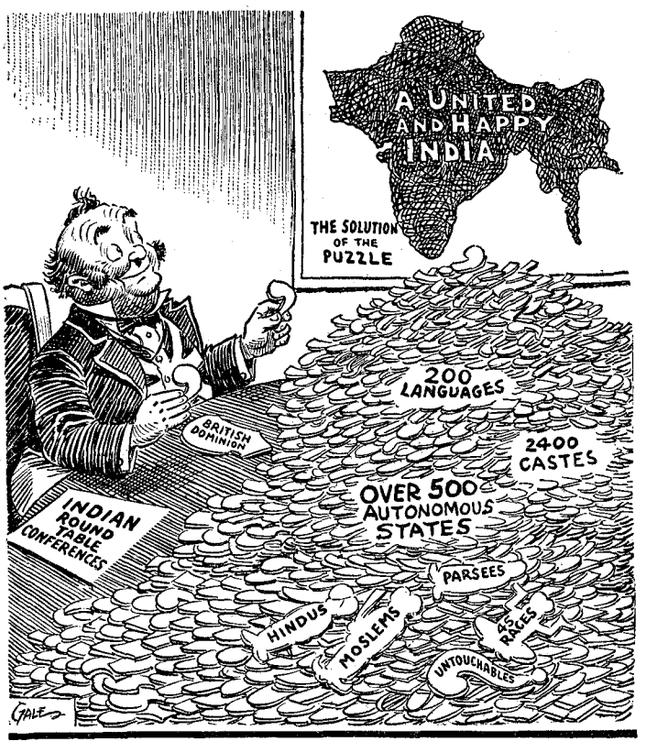
At Poona, Mahatma Gandhi meditated and worked his spinning-wheel in prison.

At Bombay, Associated Press dispatches report further, the police broke up a disorderly mob, using their sticks with such effect that almost fifty Nationalists required hospital treatment.

At several points in the city demonstrators built bonfires of British cloth.

And in various parts of the country, about 650 Nationalists were interned and sentenced for celebrating the third anniversary of Gandhi's proclamation of independence for India at Lahore in 1929.

These things happened the day after the opening of the Legislative Assembly, at which Viceroy Willingdon defended his suppression of the National Congress movement, while at the same time he voiced pride that, toward the end of his public life, he was "leading India to her promised position as an absolutely equal partner with the other Dominions under the Crown."



"Well, There's No Harm in Trying!"

—Gale in the Los Angeles "Times."

Trouble of a different stripe broke out meanwhile at Srinigar, where rebellion, pillage, and burning began anew in the State of Kashmir. Moslem leaders from the Punjab made another attempt to drive the Hindu Maharaja, Sir Hari Singh, off the throne to seat a Moslem ruler in his place. The Moslems, say press cables from Srinigar, are anxious to fix their rule over this predominantly Moslem State of Kashmir, thus forming a solid block of such States, including Egypt, Arabia, Persia, Afghanistan, and the frontier Province of Punjab.

Sir Hari, the Hindu Maharaja, the press recall, ascended the Kashmir throne in 1926 after he had acquired wide notoriety a year before as the mysterious "Mr. A." in a sensational London blackmail case.

The conflict between the Hindus and the Moslems once more throws the spotlight on the communal issue, which has inflamed the Indian people for years, we are reminded, and which was principally responsible for the failure of the Second Round Table Conference.

But the great and portentous struggle in India is between the present Indian Government and the All-India Nationalist Congress. The spark was struck, as previously related in these pages, when Viceroy Willingdon rejected Gandhi's proposal to restrain India from another civil disobedience campaign if the Viceroy would agree to discuss postponement of the ordinances decreed to repress terrorist outrages against the British, and even against Indian employees of the Government, in Bengal and other parts of the country.

The Viceroy claims that he and his Government had made every effort to carry out the terms of the truce of Delhi between the former Viceroy, Lord Irwin, and Mahatma Gandhi, but that the Nationalist activities left them no alternative but to enforce suppressive measures. He is quoted in New Delhi press cables as saying:

"I am conscious of no deviation by myself or by my Government from the path of conciliation until the Congress party itself had wantonly torn up that path.

"Its actions, continued despite repeated advice and warnings, compelled my Government to take measures which ran counter to our wishes and contrary to the policy which we had consistently endeavored to pursue.

"Once these measures were taken, it was clear they could not be suspended or withdrawn until the activities which had made them necessary had been definitely abandoned.

"There must not be room for misunderstanding, either on the part of the public or of those who choose to disobey the law. I and my Government are determined to use to the full the resources of the State in fighting and defeating a movement which would otherwise remain a perpetual menace to orderly government and individual liberty.

"While the Government will take all requisite steps to guard against any abuse of the special powers it has been necessary to grant there can be no relaxation of the measures now in force against civil disobedience as long as circumstances exist which make them necessary."

IN the meantime, steps are being taken by the Indian Government to expedite the work of the Round Table Conference Committees which are to carry on the discussions and explorations of the Round Table Conference at London. As deputy for Prime Minister MacDonald, Lord Willingdon will preside over this body, of which he is quoted as saying:

"It will function as a consultative committee to cooperate with His Majesty's Government, filling in the gaps in the Constitution so far sketched by the Round Table Conference, whether these gaps be due to differences of opinion in the Conference or to limitations imposed by the lack of time."

An unsparing British critic of repressive policy in India, the London *Statesman and Nation*, represents one section of opinion in a field where British editors are sharply divided, and frequently puzzled:

"The Congress is proscribed and its leaders are being bundled into prison. We are trying, in short, what our whole policy since the War has been designed to avoid, the policy of 'resolute government.'

"Mr. Gandhi, of course, may be quite pleased to be in prison;

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he was in an impossible position, torn between his desire for moderation on the one side and the violence of his supporters on the other. But for us and for those out of prison in India things look about as black as they can be.

"There are two very remote possibilities of avoiding chaos and bloodshed. One is that the imprisonment of the leaders and the dissensions among the rank and file will cool the ardor of the Nationalist movement throughout India. That apparently is what the Government of India hopes.

"But what case is there in the whole course of history of a nationalist movement yielding for any considerable length of time to a policy of repression?

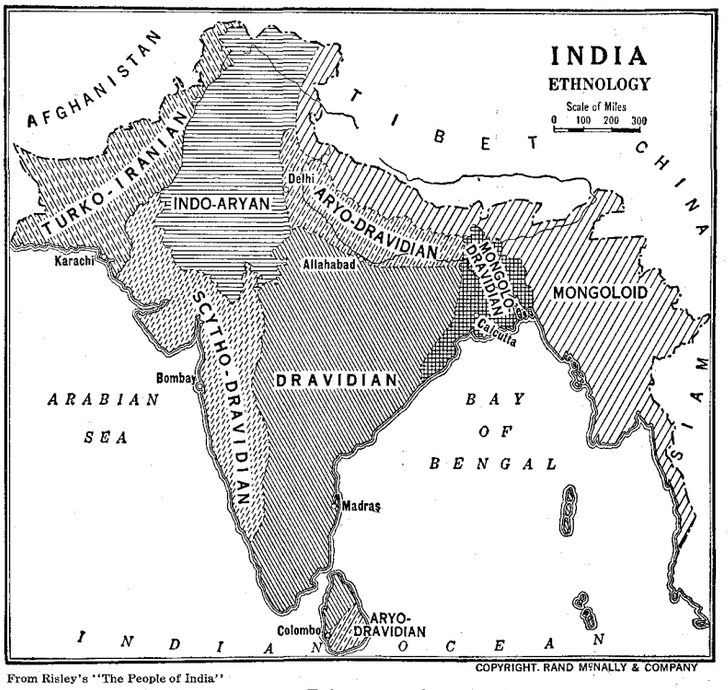
"The other possibility is that the Round Table Committees will satisfy Indian aspirations. But is that really a chance while so many of the leaders of Indian opinion are being put into jail?

"Our Die-hards, of course, are pleased by these swift and stern measures of repression. They only want rather more of them—deportations, seizures of funds, and other vigorous methods of stamping out sedition or protecting 'our good friends the Mohammedans.'

"But where does all this get us to in the end? It is absurd to talk as tho the problem in India is how to put down a mutiny. The India of to-day is not the India of the 1850's. Nor is India Cyprus.

"We are confronted with a national movement such as we had to face a few years ago in Ireland and again in Egypt. It is, no doubt, far more complicated, but fundamentally it is the same, and we shall have sooner or later to give way now as we did then, for the simple reason that we can not afford the cost, even if we had the stomach for it, of governing by the sword.

"For the moment we are responsible for order in India, and we must keep order. But if in the next few months we can make no progress in coming to terms with the Indians—the Hindus as well as the Moslems, the Congress party as well as the Princes—then in our own interests we had better give ourselves notice to quit."



From Risley's "The People of India"

India, a Great Ethnographical Museum

Invaders after invaders settled in the past in the subcontinent of India. In some cases they maintained the purity of their race, in others, they intermarried freely with the people who often had preceded them in invasion. Seven different ethnological types exist in India, as shown in the above map. Out of it all comes conflict of race, creed, and caste.

With sufficient bluntness, *The Statesman and Nation* thus presents Britain's problem in India, which, as a distinguished authority on Indian affairs, Sir Francis Younghusband, admits, is "the hardest we have ever had to face." He adds in *The Contemporary Review* (London) "that upon us depends the tranquillity of Asia," for "a failure in India would mean all Asia in turmoil, and trouble for French, Dutch, and Americans as well as ourselves."

Another British authority on India, Sir William Marris, asserts that few people seriously believe that India can maintain a civilized and orderly government without a reasonable strength of British officials. But as no Englishman can be compelled to serve in India, he goes on to say, thoughtful Indians will do well to ask themselves how such a necessary element is to be retained "unless Indian educated opinion, expressing itself in and through the legislatures, manifests toward the British services a far greater measure of friendship and good-will than it has shown in recent years."

The development of British Government in India, he points out in "*Modern India: A Co-operative Survey*" (Oxford University Press, New York), falls into well marked chapters, and he continues:

"The first records the gradual assertion of Parliament's determination to be master in matters which in the beginning were entirely controlled by the Directors of a trading corporation or their agents in India.

"This period lasted till just after the Mutiny.

"The next chapter marks, first, the completion and improvement of the administrative machine and, secondly, the beginnings of a process of giving Indians some effective voice in direction of policy and an increasing share in its execution.

"This stage lasted till just after the Great War.

"The third epoch began in 1917 with the declaration that policy should henceforward be directed to enabling the people of India to govern themselves.

"During the years 1919-29 India traversed the initial stage of this third period, and we are now engaged in the difficult investigations and consultations which are to determine what the next stage shall be."

The Indian National Congress which clinches with British authority on ways and means of progress toward self-government in India is claimed by its leaders as being "unchallengeably the most influential political institution of India." It is claimed further that as the oldest organization of Indian nationalism, today in the forty-sixth year of its existence, it is the "dominating voice of India's independence." The President of the India National Congress of America, Mr. Saliendra nath Ghose, informs us in a statement from his headquarters in New York City that:

"Undoubtedly the Nationalists of India are enforcing their will on the general public. To-day the mass, the rank and file, 'big' and 'small' business, the Hindus and the Moslems, are prepared to obey the Congress command at the risk of incurring governmental displeasure and possible retaliation.

"This willing submission of the people of what Gandhi describes as the 'semi-starved dumb millions' to Congress or Nationalist orders, and even commands, constitutes the real strength of the Nationalist movement.

"This one fact focuses the clash between the Government and the Congress in which other factors, as represented by the reactionary Moslems, the Untouchables, and by the other minority interests and others, have taken a back seat."

Mr. Ghose advises us also that in normal times the Indian National Congress meets once a year. Its deliberations are shared by 3,000 delegates chosen on a population basis from the provinces, districts, and village groups of India.

When it adjourns, having mapped out the general policy of the Nationalist movement, it transfers authority to a smaller committee of 350 members known as the All-India Congress Committee. Each member of this continuing body, according to Mr. Ghose, represents 1,000,000 inhabitants of India, "irrespective of the number of enrolled members of the Congress."

He claims, for 1930-31, an enrolled membership of 508,376.

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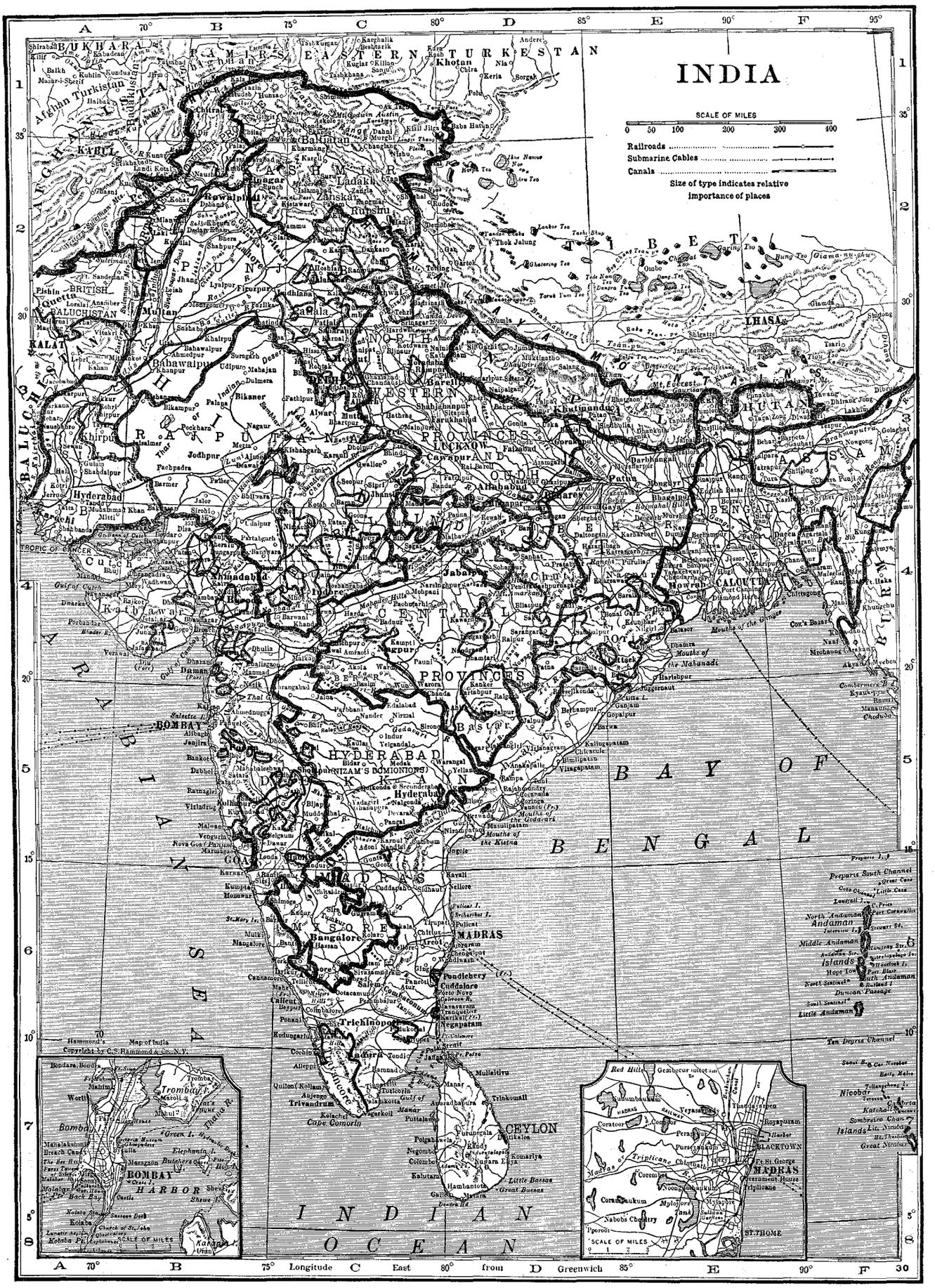

WHERE SHOOTINGS, RIOTS, RAIDS, AND ARRESTS ARE RIFE IN INDIA'S STRUGGLE

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Crushing Communism in Salvador

FIVE HUNDRED TO TWO THOUSAND dead is the reported toll of the Salvador uprising over the week-end of January 23. It is blamed on the seeds of Bolshevism in that Central American Republic of 1,500,000 inhabitants.

The insurgents fought with machetes, revolvers, and shotguns, but the actual fighting seems to have been brief, altho furious enough in half a dozen towns to bring on martial law in eight out of fourteen provinces, and draw war-ships of the United States, Canada, and Great Britain steaming at full speed to Salvador's shores.

Three days after the outbreak, the Government claimed to be in control of the entire country, conditions were reported as returning to normal, with banks and business houses reopening.

The principal leaders of the revolt have been captured, it is said, and are awaiting trial in the regular courts. But some leaders, it is admitted, remain in hiding, with the police hunting for them, while others have fled to Guatemala.

At first, it was reported that the rebels had bombed public buildings in San Salvador, the capital. But this is not true, it appears, and for the simple reason that the Government had cleverly confiscated all available supplies of bombs and dynamite days before the trouble began.

An official explanation of the uprising in El Salvador, given by its President, Maximiliano H. Martinez, to the United Press at the Salvador capital on January 27 reads as follows:

"The Government is now in complete control of the country and has taken all military measures to prevent a new uprising.

"I am glad to be given an opportunity to answer inquiries from the press. With regard to persistent rumors abroad concerning the number of dead and wounded in the uprising, the Government calculates that the dead and wounded among Communists totals 500 since the beginning of the revolt.

"The Government has not been able to find any documentary proof showing the connivance of Moscow agents in the uprising. However, the previous Administration had tolerated the presence in the country of foreigners suspected of Communist affiliations, and it may be assumed they are responsible.

"The country is under perfect control at this moment. Our precautions are such that we are absolutely sure it will not be possible to renew the uprising."

ANOTHER statement, but of a quasi-official character, was given to the United Press at Guatemala City by the recently deposed President of El Salvador, Arturo Araujo, who says:

"The recent uprisings in El Salvador clearly are part of a Communist movement to overthrow the Martinez Government. We foresaw some such movement long ago, and in order to counteract Communism we organized the Labor party. The doctrines of the Labor party are completely against Communism, and if the United States Government had given me support and had helped me to return to the presidency of Salvador, these movements never would have taken place.

"The young officers who brought Martinez into power when my Government was overthrown were later expelled from the Army by a decree which Martinez signed, and a great part of these expelled officers are with the Communists

"Our Labor party had no part in the present uprisings, as it is against Communism."

Editorials cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST from Central American newspapers include a remark of the Panama *Star and Herald* to this effect:

"The civil war or revolt in Salvador is reported as a struggle between the Federal Government and Communism. In the reported beheading of some officials, the action is suggestive of the French revolution, but otherwise there has been no disclosure of a program which can accurately be termed Communist.

"Many of these people probably are just plain thieves without enough philosophy or fidelity to hold membership in any political party. In Russia Lenin likely would have had them shot as thieves. On the other hand, there may be among them idealists and patriots who in successful revolutions become of the class of Bolivar and Washington."

German Fears of America

IT'S JUST TOO AWFUL to think what may happen if the American people actually do shut down hard on any possibility of further concessions in the matter of international debts.

This is the plaint of many German editors. The *Hamburger Nachrichten* and the *Koelnische Zeitung* speak of the possibility as a nightmare to all minds in Berlin.

The *Germania* of that city, a newspaper close to Dr. Bruening, affords no clue to what may be going on in the Chancellor's mind even if, as the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* hints, he is pondering the matter anxiously. But the democratically inclined *Frankfurter Zeitung* speaks right out in meeting:

"The American financial world and a portion of the American press have indeed for months striven to make people in the United States understand that the world is one and that even America must make some sacrifice for the welfare of this world. Yet American popular feeling is articulate.

"Why, it asks, make sacrifices for a Europe that is not worth such sacrifices? From an American standpoint, Europe does not deserve any further self-sacrificing benefits. This is not solely on account of the refusal of France to disarm. It is mainly on account of general European conditions."

And then this influential Frankfort daily goes on to say that American disaffection toward Europe is "in part a feeling of irritation against the financial world." The banks have cashed in their profits from international credits, it argues, and in order that the banks may continue profit-taking, American citizens must be taxed more.

That is how the American man in the street views the world situation, according to this journal, which proceeds:

"He takes this view whenever he is told that the credit of the world generally can be improved only through a reduction of the principal of the debts due the United States. We in Europe take too much the view that is most agreeable to ourselves and we have not sufficiently considered American popular feeling.

"This popular feeling, as the course of the United States Congress clearly shows, is a factor not to be disregarded. Even if it were possible to reconcile American popular feeling to certain compromises, those compromises would not be of a kind sufficient to meet the exigencies of the world situation. Then, what is to happen as long as Germany can not pay and America's debtors thus have to go without the money they need for the payment of their obligations to the United States?

"Will a strike of the creditor be answered with a strike of the debtors? For France such a course would be dangerous. The peril might not have reference to America (for what could America do to collect the sums due?)

"But a refusal of France to pay America would run counter to many a proposition broached by France herself to her own debtor Germany. For France, accordingly, a debtor's strike would be a dangerous thing. It would be dangerous even for England in view of the international financial situation."

EVEN the friendly Berlin *Vorwaerts*, organ of the Social Democracy which has so much to do with the formation of public opinion in Germany and with the progress of events in the Reichstag, stresses its warning: "Europe, look out for yourself!" in this wise:

"The attitude of the United States of America toward the problem of the reparations and the debts is anything but constructive. This holds good for both the Washington Administration and for the United States Congress.

"European governments are perpetually provided from America with more or less good advice. When it comes to active intervention for the sake of affording genuine assistance, we regularly derive impressions of evasion and of fine phrases. The solitary exception of the Hoover moratorium has had the most disillusioning sequel of the peremptory Congressional conclusion.

"This conclusion leads us to the more and more obvious inference that not actual and practical considerations of an expert sort, but domestic political factors, having to do with the coming Presidential election, decided the speeches of many Senators and Representatives at Washington."

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A Heroine Foredoomed to Be a White Squaw

WITH HIGH MOUNTAINS SHUTTING you in, and no apparent way out; with menacing Indians cutting off return, how would you like to face a winter of starvation?

This is the predicament presented in Dan Totheroh's play "Distant Drums," in which the fey Pauline Lord is more feyish than ever.

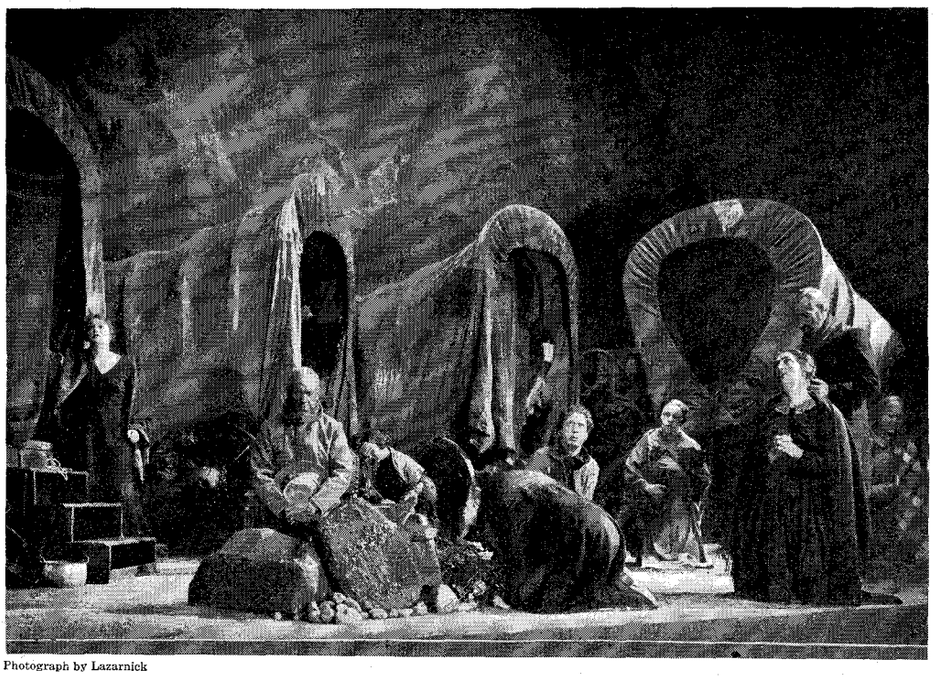
There is a drab train of emigrants making their way to Idaho, and they get lost among the mountains en route. The Indians have decoyed them into this pass, and refuse to help them out unless a white squaw is given to the chief of the Snake tribe.

"Dan Totheroh's curiously haunting salute to his sturdy ancestors" is the phrase Whitney Bolton uses to characterize the play in *The Morning Telegraph* (New York). Also:

"It is a play which for two acts and a decent fraction of the third holds you stedfastly to the spectacle of those gaunt and restless pioneers who laid down wagon-ruts across the Western plains and broke open the richest slopes in North America.

"This is Mr. Totheroh's salute to courage in the face of dreadful terrors, to strength in the face of monstrous tasks, to sublime will in the face of death and constant discouragement.

"It is a thrilled salute, a salute involving complete admiration for an oaken generation in the making of America. Mr. Totheroh writes it with force and heart-sprung feeling."



Photograph by Lazarnick

Overwhelmed by the Mountains

The distrest company of the emigrant train. Miss Lord stands by the wagon at the extreme left.

IT is the acting of Miss Pauline Lord in the play produced by Guthrie McClintic at the Belasco Theater that gives it its special interest; and the general opinion is that no other actress of our stage could quite fit into the rôle of the chief character:

"Here again are the flutter, the unfinished sentence, the vague gestures, the wobegone voice of a weary woman. Here, too, is that strangely fey quality which pervades all of Miss Lord's performances.

"It so happens that vagueness and the magic of being fey belong in the rôle of *Eunice Wolfhill*, a distracting, demon-touched strangeling, a granddaughter of a woman reputed to be a witch.

"Eunice lived by charms, guided herself by signs, and was whipt into a frenzy of conglomerate but fierce hungers, when the Indian drums began to roll in the night."

Here is the play in more detail:

"*Eunice* is the wife of *Harris Wolfhill*, hard-bitten commander of a covered-wagon train. He is leading his band to Oregon, and married *Eunice*, in Illinois, to earn an extra 300 acres of government land.

"The first act shows the company ranged in a meadow in the Snake Indian country. Five miles away the Snakes beat their drums and fill the night with a call to *Eunice*.

"*Quincy*, the old guide, knows that the Snakes want *Eunice*, as witch and also as mate for their chief. He attempts to bargain with the Indians for a map of a short cut through the Idaho Mountains, thus saving 400 miles.

"When they make their demand, he refuses, does not tell *Wolfhill*, and goes ahead alone to try to find the pass in the mountains.

"Winter closes down on the wagon-train. Several have died from cholera and malnutrition. The plight is desperate. *Quincy* can not find the pass. He and *Wolfhill* again go to treat with the Indians. They come back and *Wolfhill*, already angered because *Eunice* has shown preference for a young scapegrace in the company, orders her to go to the Indians.

"She resists and then, as the drums begin throbbing louder and louder down in the valley, consents, saying that she has known for years that this would be her fate, and that she was born to it. 'I came all this way since I was born for this,' she cries. 'I knew it was happening.'

"Miss Lord makes *Eunice* credible as no other actress could and, once the part is understood, it is easy to believe that Mr. McClintic thought of her when he read the play, and that she accepted the rôle when it first came to her. *Eunice* was made for Miss Lord, and she fulfils the strange and weird qualities it possesses.

"Others in the expertly chosen cast play with sincerity."

RICHARD LOCKRIDGE, in *The Sun*, adds a comment on the atmospheric quality of the play:

"It is told very quietly, without dramatics. It is built slowly, directly in the words of the author; in the half-finished sentences and gestures of Miss Lord; in the steady, sound acting of the members of the supporting cast; in the direction of Mr. McClintic and the settings of Jo Mielziner.

"As it goes on, one feels the circle of the wagons drawn about one. The segment of that circle, which is actually visible on the stage, seems only part of it. And one seems to be present at what might be the birth of an American legend.

"Miss Lord's contribution to the whole is the sum of a hundred utterly right inflections and pauses. She plays throughout the evening in one key, leaving it only once or twice in scenes which are made the more effective by contrast.

"And all these gestures and inflections seem to make visible an inner detachment from the real scene. She seems always to be partly somewhere else—a visitor to the wagon-train, drawn back by the drums to some other life."

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Spanish Dancing Full Circle

WITH THE FAMOUS ARGENTINA an established favorite, the Spanish dance is represented here in full panoply by the arrival of the celebrated Vincente Escudero.

He is a Spanish gipsy who knows all the secrets of varied rhythm with which his race and country have dowered the dance.

To the airs of Spain and the clicking of castanets he executes bewildering steps. He snaps his fingers, and even clicks with his nails; and when occasion requires he emits a sharp vibrant cluck like the rattle of a snake.

Accompanied by two women dancers, Carmita and Carmela, the repertory of Spanish dance expression is complete. Quite naturally New York turns to the primitive revealments of this demon of the South.

Interpreted by Mary F. Watkins of the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Lithe and poised as a cat, charged with a sly ferocity which is brutal beneath a certain neat and blunt humor, he has magic in his feet and danger in his eye.

"His clipt precision of movement, the superb control in his ankles of forged and resilient steel, his insulting castanets and insinuating finger-snapping, his burnt-out gaze beneath the parted gipsy locks—these combine to produce a fascination not altogether agreeable, but none the less compelling.

"There is almost no esthetic satisfaction to be obtained at his performance beyond a breathless regard for his virtuosity of footwork and tapped rhythms, but he provides an experience in the theater on no account to be missed.

"His dances are, of course, based on the traditional art of his forebears, but he has remolded them to suit himself, and it is quite possible to suspect that this remolding process never ceases, for in each of the too-generous repetitions on the program, one could detect a certain blatant, but highly successful, improvisation.

"He uses the music of the Spanish moderns oftener than he composes to the folk tunes of his race, and he obviously prefers the visible informality of the guitar to the unseen (and in this case unskilled) pianist.

"Mr. Escudero had only three solos, of which the most interesting was that called 'Rhythms,' which was performed without other accompaniment than his own snapping, tapping, and, as a finale, a little obbligato upon his long finger-nails."

"Lithe and Poised As a Cat"

Escudero "has magic in his feet."

His appeal is not confined to the feminine side of his audience. W. J. Henderson of *The Sun* evinces only a little more measured enthusiasm:

"Señor Escudero very quickly showed why he is famous in his own country.

"He proved to be a genuine Spanish dancer, not at all denationalized by foreign tricks. His technique need hardly be discust further than to note that it included that perfection of balance without which there is no good dancing, and a command of strikingly characteristic poses and steps.

"In every one of the dances which he executed alone or with his associates there was not only that fascinating rhythm which vitalizes all Spanish dancing, but also a remarkable display of fancy, humor, and sentiment.

"Escudero himself was alive with grace, vigor, and expressiveness. He was essentially masculine in his art, but never rude. He was the embodiment of the Flamenco spirit.

"Carmita proved to be a dancer of the greatest activity, grace, and charm. She carried the audience away with her Asturian dance, which was in itself a revelation to those accustomed to highly sophisticated Spanish dancing.

"Carmela made a genuine 'hit' with her gipsy alegrias, which had to be repeated in spite of her several pantomimic refusals. Among the other dances which aroused enthusiasm were the 'Cordoba' by Escudero and Carmita, the zapateado, a solo for the man; the jota done with irresistible fire and infectious humor by Escudero and Carmita; the farucca performed by the man, and a dance from de Falla's 'El Amor Brujo.'

"One of the most valuable traits of this entertainment is its ability to interest those who have no special knowledge of the Spanish dances."

The Cover

A LADY who knew Washington, on being shown his portrait by Charles Willson Peale, exclaimed: "Exactly like him—but I always thought him better looking," and when the Stuart head was put before her: "A perfect likeness—but I never before knew how handsome he was."

This story was told Mr. Ferris by his friend, F. DeBourg Richards, who had the tale from one who had heard the lady speak as quoted.

Mr. Ferris gives an imaginary picture of Stuart painting the Washington portrait. This portrait will be reproduced on our cover for February 20.

Mr. Ferris's note continues:

"In the spring and summer of 1795, the President and his family being in Germantown, Stuart took a house there, and in a barn in its rear, had sittings from Washington and produced first what is now called the 'Vaughn portrait,' showing the right side of the face. With this first effort he was dissatisfied.

"The second, the classic likeness known to us all, 'the Athenæum head' (which I show upon the easel in my picture), was not liked by Mrs. Washington, and Stuart, who realized that he had produced a masterpiece, seized this opportunity to keep it for himself, leaving it apparently unfinished. I say apparently; as no further touch, either by Stuart or any one else, dead or living, could have improved this head as we see it. Stuart has let fall a brush at Martha Washington's feet.

"Miss Harriet Chew, whom Washington treated, as he did her sisters, like children of his own, accompanied him often when he sat to Stuart, and the Commander was wont to say that the agreeable expression on his face was due to her interesting conversation. For this reason I show her in the picture. The individual with the quizzing-glass is the type which one meets almost anywhere.

"The head of Washington on the figure sitting beyond Stuart is adapted from the Gibbs-Channing portrait in the Metropolitan Museum. This, which is a copy of the 'Vaughn' or first portrait, was later partly repainted by Stuart direct from life. For the information of any of those who imagine that they can see in some one of the many inferior paintings of Washington a better representation of the man as he was than the 'Athenæum head,' I quote G. W. P. Custis: 'The first portrait of Washington by Stuart (the Athenæum) created a great sensation on its appearance in Philadelphia.'"

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Pity the Poor Author

AUTHORS AS WELL AS MUSICIANS are hard hit by the depression.

"The death of magazines, the starvation thinness of those surviving, and the uncertainty of book sales have for most writers changed what was the business of writing into a too expensive luxury."

This is reported by the New York *Times* from the address of Mrs. Inez Haynes Irwin, President of the Authors' League of America, at their annual luncheon.

In giving the annals of the poor author, she described them as "brief and simple":

"Many authors lived by writing for the magazines. Now many of the cheaper magazines on which the younger authors depended have gone out of existence.

"The others are thin, and the editors are filling them from their safes, where they seem to have inexhaustible supplies of unpublished manuscript, enough, it seems, to last 100 years.

"Magazine articles are being written by staff members. Outsiders who were steady contributors no longer find a market.

"Fiction is being bought in much less quantity, fewer stories are printed in the thin magazines, and I know of one case where each paragraph of a story was divided so that it could be made to fill as much space as was typographically possible.

"In practically every case prices have been cut; sometimes they have been halved.

"And for writers with no private income or the certainty of serialization, a book has become a luxury too expensive to be written."

Authors who formerly helped their fellow workers are near the poverty line themselves:

"The Authors' League Fund to care for members in need of financial aid spent $18,000 last year, she said, and the even greater needs of this year will be hard to meet. She quoted George Creel, chairman of the fund, as having estimated that 50 per cent. of those members who contributed in the past are unable to give this year and that 33 per cent. can give only an occasional dollar."

THOSE unfamiliar with the Authors' League may learn from Arthur Guiterman's recent article in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"The Authors' League of America has a total membership of approximately 2,000, including nearly all the most distinguished writers in the country.

"The members are grouped in allied gilds, namely, the Authors' Guild, the Dramatists' Guild, the Screen Writers' Guild, and the membership-at-large.

"Besides working for the interests of authors and producers of copyright material in general, the league maintains the Authors' League Fund, which gives financial aid to writers and illustrators who are not reached by any other organization. Part of the revenue of the fund is raised by the Authors' League Bundle Shop, at 87 Lexington Avenue, which can sell absolutely any old thing that anybody is willing to contribute to the stock in trade."

Of the personality of its president, he writes:

"Aside from her record, her personality, with its evident honesty, fearlessness, energy, generous warmth, high spirit bridled by humor, and that most attractive of human attributes, an abounding vitality, is such as to inspire confidence. Her dark hair and eyes and her love of color in dress and adornments lend her a certain exotic touch.

"Once, in Europe, a French acquaintance asked to be allowed three guesses as to her racial stock, and wasted them in hazarding that she must be, if not Italian, either Spanish or Greek.

"The truth is that her descent on her mother's side is from Stephen Hopkins, of the Mayflower Compact; but her American ancestry goes much farther back than the Pilgrims and 1620, for in the Haynes genealogy there is a distant and shadowy Indian bride who still manifests her influence in the dark hair and eyes of many of her descendants, as well as in their habit of walking with their feet parallel in the manner of Indians and all others who really know how to walk.

"As Will Irwin has said in regard to his wife's pedigree, 'One of Inez's forefathers came over on the *Mayflower*, and another was on the reception committee.'"

"Best-Seller" Lists Mislead

WILLIAM SOSKIN, LITERARY CRITIC of the New York *Evening Post*, announces that his paper will no longer print "best-seller" lists.

This is a determination taken on the strength of the "Cheney Report of Conditions in the Book Trade."

For those not familiar with the methods of bookselling, it may be explained that the Cheney Survey had as its basic purpose "to study the economic structure of the industry, and to suggest practical means for strengthening it."

Courtesy of the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine

"Writing Too Expensive a Luxury"

Says Mrs. Inez Haynes Irwin, President of the Authors' League.

Mr. Soskin found that the feature of the Cheney Survey that interested him most was the treatment of "best-sellerism," and it is what led to his paper's decision.

His argument follows:

"'By every ordinary use of the English language,' the report declared, 'a best-seller must mean a book which heads some list of books the sales of which exceed all others.'

"On the theory that the public is interested in purchasing and reading those books which have been approved in general popular taste, newspapers are in the habit of publishing these best-seller lists, obtained from various retail and wholesale sources.

"Most best-seller lists, the report indicated, provide an inaccurate reflection of actual sales. In the first place, publishers' records of sales do not always represent actual sales.

"Then, booksellers' charts often represent local conditions, and are just as often inaccurate. They may depend, for example, on a single clerk's enthusiasm, or on an arrangement whereby publishers tell the booksellers what books are supposed to be selling best.

"Because I have found that a number of best-seller lists circulated in New York City may be objected to for some of these reasons, and because I have come to agree with the Cheney estimate of most of the features of 'best-sellerism,' *The Evening Post* will hereafter discontinue the practise of printing best-seller lists from individual retail and wholesale sources."

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Crime on Society's Pay-Roll

THE BUTCHER, THE BAKER, and the candlestick maker are silent partners in organized crime.

Add to the familiar list policeman, prosecutor, judge and jury, and Mr. John Citizen himself.

For professional crime exists because it pays.

The bootlegger, the racketeer, the procurer, the gambler, the bomber, even the murderer supply a demand. Like the chickens, our little weaknesses come home to roost.

"Corporate Paganism"

Is responsible for criminal success, says Henry Barrett Chamberlin, operating director of the Chicago Crime Commission.

Follow the trail of a smuggled diamond, a "shot" of dope, or of "Jamaica ginger," whose 30,000 victims are reported to have banded into the National Association of Jamaica Ginger Paralytics to seek damages for the Government's alleged failure to protect them from the fiery liquor. Who created the demand?

Look at the dens of vice, and be reminded that there is traffic in high-school girls. Who creates the demand?

We are brought to this contemplation by "Some Observations Concerning Criminal Law and Criminology," written by Henry Barrett Chamberlin for *The Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology*, a publication of Northwestern University. Mr. Barrett is the operating director of the Chicago Crime Commission, which, as mentioned in these pages January 9, has succeeded in putting some of Chicago's most prominent and astute criminals in seclusion for a while.

ORGANIZED crime, Mr. Chamberlin reminds us, is nothing new. We see it in the feudal system, in the buccaneers, the slave traders, the caravan highwaymen, the smugglers, the Mafia of Italy. But it has branched out until to-day it appears to be stronger than the legitimate business combinations which resulted in the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. We need another such act, rooted in the public conscience rather than in a statute.

To go back a moment to the form of organized vice which above all others, perhaps, has no excuse in moral or social philosophy, Mr. Chamberlin tells us that "from coast to coast, as revealed by the public press, the protection of this form of vice has included an astonishing array of small politicians, bailiffs, jail guards, clerks, and other attachés of the courts, sheriffs' offices, and others." The amount of money involved, he says, is second only to that at present circulated by the illicit liquor group. Its control, he goes on, "has now passed into the hands of men who exploit women, and who have created an organization, including procurers and panderers, that is nation-wide. It is one of the most dangerous forms of organized crime extant, because it strikes at the very root of a moral structure." He recites that one notorious woman in Chicago testified that she had been forced to pay more than $100,000 in her day to the vice-lords.

Protection seems to be the key-note of criminal success. Criminals, says Mr. Chamberlin, are the pets of political organizations. Sometimes the criminals control the political organizations and thus control the government of any town, county, or State in which they are organized.

They are entirely predatory. "But," Mr. Chamberlin reminds us, "professional criminals offer to respectable members of society something they want":

"The bootlegger, the panderer, the fixer, and the racketeer perform services for which there is a demand.

"One of the great troubles is that many criminals draw profits for services performed for conventionally respectable members of society.

"To illustrate—take the supplying of liquor. Beer is an industry engaging the direct services of perhaps a million people. The Prohibition department at Washington says that the annual business has a gross value approaching two billion dollars. This business is controlled by organized criminals. Its products are consumed by the respectable men and women of America. It is outlawed by our statutes. It is patronized by our citizens. As the business is outlawed, it can not be regulated by law. For that reason it has provided its own substitutes for law and order, and these substitutes involve more breaches of our recognized law and order.

"The 'booze racket' has not only broken down the Prohibition law, but the tariff law and the revenue law, and it breaks down officers of the law by bribery. It settles its own disputes by coercion and murder. It succeeds, as do the gambling and vice rings, by profitably contributing to sinful satisfaction."

AFTER all, says Mr. Chamberlin, the whole thing comes down to the question of our social morality:

"Organized crime is to-day a great, unmanageable, threatening fact in the lives of our communities. It is not enough to ask whether the machinery of law enforcement is good, we must go further, call in question the wisdom of the laws themselves and

A Job That Is Only Half Done

—Thomas in the Detroit "News."

discover whether or not some of our experiments are not as menacing in their effect as criminal activities. It may be found that some of the very best intentions of our idealists have supplied the pavement for the hell of organized crime.

"We are apparently in a period of corporate paganism. We are obsessed by desire for self-glorification. We are the personification of material greed and spiritual emptiness.

"We seem to have reached a place where politics and commercialism take precedence over patriotism and integrity of purpose.

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"Organized crime succeeds because of public apathy. Suppression of crime is spasmodic, because public interest in its success and indignation at its failure is sporadic. Law enforcement is lax, because it is intermittent. Commercialized vice has vitality and survives, because it is a valuable political adjunct.

"Judges and juries are too prone to believe criminals and disbelieve the police. Prosecuting attorneys will not give the time and effort to 'work up' cases. Magistrates and justices of the peace are incompetent, generally politically controlled, and too often have criminal affiliations."

Some encouragement, the writer tells us, may be found in the fact that organized crime is changing its methods. Formerly the great tie that bound gangsters and politicians was a friendly relation, a sort of feudal loyalty. Now alliances are based on a cash consideration, which is likely to prove a weakness, "because human loyalties are not knit together by mere money."

However, Mr. Chamberlin thinks that organized crime will never be eliminated. But it may be minimized and controlled whenever public sentiment is sufficiently aroused, and stays aroused, and is wisely directed. The criminal is on the job all the time, and the public must take a leaf from his book if it would succeed. And Mr. Chamberlin suggests:

"To be directed properly there must be fact-finding and research. This is something that the average citizen declines to support, because it is neither spectacular nor interesting. Merely stirring public opinion to white heat because of some existing abuse or disorder is not sufficient. To be successful there must be devised a comprehensive plan which will provide the public with information concerning the efficiency and integrity of its law-enforcing agencies in connection with the activities of criminals.

"Such a plan would provide a research organization which would keep the public informed as to the criminal situation and the efficiency of the work of official law-enforcing agencies.

"To be successful it would need the confidence of the community and freedom from control of any political faction. An ideal organization of this sort would be one independently financed and administered as is, for instance, the American Red Cross."

No Great Preachers To-day?

PEOPLE SHAKE THEIR HEADS AND SAY we have no more great preachers.

And those we have, some of them say, don't "stick to the Gospel." But let's see.

Dr. Robert Norwood, rector of St. Bartholomew's Church in New York, rises to refute these charges and to say that he believes the present to be "an age of great preaching."

Such preachers as Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, Bishop Francis McConnell, and others of their stripe, says Dr. Norwood, stand as his ideal of preaching, "not as denouncers, for reformers never make preachers, but as announcers" of a more excellent way of life. Such men, he declares, "stand quite apart for integrity of thought and consistency of character."

It is a common complaint to say that there are no great preachers to-day to measure up to Phillips Brooks, Henry Ward Beecher, Charles Finney, Dwight Moody, and others of the historic past, observes the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*. But can this opinion be supported? The Rochester paper answers:

"If the ability to move great audiences and to reiterate the old truths with eloquent tongue is a criterion, there are preachers to-day worthy to clasp hands with the best of the past.

"Any one in the least cognizant of what the great preachers of to-day are saying would not accuse them of timidity of utterance. It can not seriously be said that they fear to attack evil in high places or any of the insidious moral enemies that are at the bottom of so much of our social misery. Any number of pulpits to-day stand ready to unleash such thunder as they command against the corruption of public life.

"The complaint that preachers 'do not stick to the Gospel' is one of the oldest of all. Invariably it comes from those who know least about what the Gospel teaches."

Youth Frowning on Mars

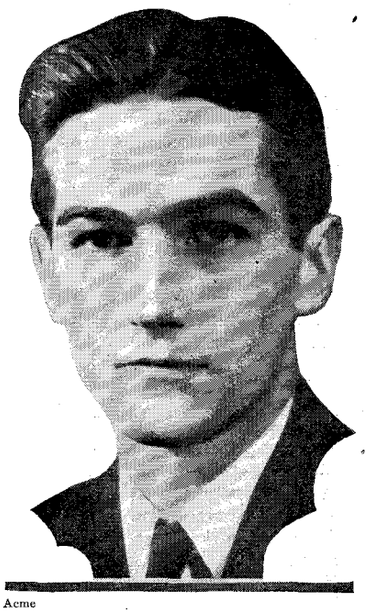
THE MOTION-PICTURES brought it home to them. Little glamour in mangled, bedraggled bodies hanging on the wire.

Nothing beautiful about a field pitted with shell holes, and strewn with what shrapnel had left of other human beings.

With only a few exceptions, a group of 500 high-school boys and girls, to whom a questionnaire was submitted after they had seen five prominent war films, said they didn't like war. A similar test conducted among 11,000 pupils in English schools showed that 97 per cent. had no desire for martial life and poppies.

This seems to *The Commonweal*, New York Catholic weekly, "a very fine score for the movies and solid achievement for realism."

The stripping of war to the bone has, perhaps, affected college students, too. A nation-wide straw vote recently announced by the Intercollegiate Disarmament Council in New York City reveals that 92 per cent. of the 24,345 students voting in seventy colleges favor reducing armaments, and 63 per cent. think the United States should set an example by beginning to disarm without waiting for other nations. These students are sending James Frederick Green, a Yale senior of Kansas City, to the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, now in its preliminaries. The Yale student is to present the American students' desire for world peace.



Acme

At the Front

But it's the Geneva front, where James Frederick Green, Yale senior, represents American students who favor general disarmament.

LUTHER TUCKER, Yale '31, who is chairman of the Intercollegiate Disarmament Council, announced, we read in *Zion's Herald* (Methodist), that the poll shows one-third of the students favor 100 per cent. cuts in armaments, providing all nations agree to the same ratio, while one in seven advocates a 100 per cent. cut for the United States without regard to what action other nations take.

As we read further:

"The poll shows a very strong feeling against the compulsory feature of military training in colleges. Eighty-one per cent. of the students voting on this question were opposed to compulsory drill.

"On the other hand, only 38 per cent. favored eliminating military training from all colleges. Of those voting, one-seventh had had military training.

"Seventy-four per cent. of the votes cast supported American adherence to the World Court upon the basis of the Root Protocols.

"Among the colleges participating in the poll were outstanding institutions in all parts of the country. Yale, Dartmouth, Amherst, Williams, Wellesley, Mount Holyoke, Radcliffe, Vassar, Barnard, Syracuse, Bucknell, Pittsburgh, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Rollins, Kansas University, Nebraska, Washburn, Southern Methodist University, Occidental, and many other colleges cooperated in the vote.

"Student interest in disarmament is also revealed in the high

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percentage of those voting in many colleges. Eighty-four per cent. of the entire student body cast ballots at Amherst, 78 per cent. at Yale, 70 per cent. at Mount Holyoke."

WHILE all types of colleges participated in the poll, there is little difference in the returns, we read:

"The extremes are revealed in a theological seminary where no student opposed disarmament and 45 per cent. favored total disarmament by example; and in a New England college where 80 per cent. opposed the United States' taking the initiative in disarmament. There is some sectional difference. Those favoring our taking the initiative in some disarmament are: New England, 60 per cent.; Central States, 62 per cent.; Middle Atlantic, 63 per cent.; South, 71 per cent.; Rocky Mountain States, 72 per cent.; and Pacific Coast, 78 per cent.

"Mount Holyoke College, where Miss Mary E. Woolley, woman member of the United States delegation to the Disarmament Conference, has been president for thirty-one years, voted 3 per cent. against any disarmament, 19 per cent. against any reduction by example, 37 per cent. for total disarmament if all nations agree, 21 per cent. for total disarmament by example.

"Students in institutions with compulsory military training voted 62 per cent. against compulsion, those in colleges with elective drill voted 83 per cent. against compulsion, and schools with no drill were 84 per cent. against compulsion."

In conducting its poll the Council, *Zion's Herald* tells us, had the cooperation of the Committee on Militarism in Education, the Council of Christian Associations, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Foreign Policy Association, the International Student Service, the League for Industrial Democracy, the League of Nations Association, the National Student Federation of America, the Student International Union, and the War Resisters' League.

Gandhi as Man and Saint

HE WAS JUST A LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN in England.

But in India he is the voice of God.

Thus an English journalist sizes up Gandhi—seer and saint on his native soil, but a rather odd and illogical figure in St. James's Palace.

In an alien setting, W. N. Ewer tells us in *Asia*, the "great soul" faded into just a man in a shawl so far as his work at the Round Table Conference is concerned. Yet Mr. Ewer, who is foreign editor of the London *Daily Herald*, and has traveled extensively in Europe, the Near East, and Russia, and reported nearly every international conference since the War, does not speak disparagingly of the Mahatma.

Gandhi is sincere enough, he says, and if one believes that here is "the master," the effect is overwhelming. "For Gandhi behaves precisely as the Master should." He is an authentic voice, "a man who is no common man, but a mahatma, a 'great soul,' who—in his own words—has God as his 'adviser general' and his 'protector.'"

Looking into Gandhi's professions of humility, Mr. Ewer is reminded of the British Admiral who always took off his gold-braided uniform when he said his prayers so that he would forget his rank when talking to God. So Gandhi's shawl does not disguise, but rather emphasizes, his authority. "It is as aristocratic and as assertive as Lord Castlereagh's plain black coat, which made him conspicuous among the bespangled uniforms of his colleagues at Vienna."

Gandhi's poverty, we are told, is rather symbolic than real. Austerity is not poverty, for tho Gandhi has reduced his wants to a minimum, he is always sure to have them satisfied, and such as he has is of the best. His is the poverty of an austere monarch, not of necessity. But Mr. Ewer is convinced that Gandhi believes in himself. As the British Admiral's humility in taking off his uniform when praying was the other facet of a gigantic pride, so, because of his conviction of his own importance, does Gandhi feel it necessary to humble himself. He never doubts that the right answer will come from him or from the God who inspires him, and his Messianic assumption, rather startling in England, does not surprize or shock his disciples.

It is in this assumption of authority that Gandhi's power lies, says Mr. Ewer. "But it is a power that lives only in its own environment." In India he is a saint, but in England he is stript of his sainthood. He is not the Mahatma, but a diplomat and a politician. "If the 'naked fakir' has vanished in the elderly gentleman, so also has the Mahatma."

But not entirely, says Mr. Ewer, for "this finely mannered man who talks so well and interestingly" has "a measureless certainty, a quiet authority that is tremendously effective."

TWO things struck him, said a Foreign Office official to Mr. Ewer after hearing Gandhi speak. "The first, that Christ must have been rather like that. The second, how impossible it is for us or the Indians to understand each other. Our minds work on different planes."

It is the difference between saint and sinner, Mr. Ewer thinks. Gandhi considers everything from the moral point of view. It sounds splendid, but sometimes has curious results:

"The man who asked Jesus whether he ought to pay tribute (just the question that might be asked to-day of Gandhi) undoubtedly went away cursing him for trickery and evasion.

"Gandhi sometimes produces the same effect. He can be evasive, he can be ambiguous, he can produce formulæ as skilfully nebulous as any diplomat desires—but his formulæ are nebulous because they come from the high and cloudy spaces of his inner mind.

"He can be astonishingly inconsistent; for he does not think rationally. One day he announces that his only care is for the 'dumb suffering millions' of India. The next day he covers with fulsome praise princes who brutally and rapaciously oppress those same millions.

"Shown the miseries of the Lancashire cotton towns, he cheerfully announces that, given *swaraj*, he will put an embargo on all English cotton goods coming into India. The difficulties of such a scheme, its inconsistency both with his own economic doctrine and with the interests of mill owners who are the financial backers of the Indian National Congress, its effect in producing corresponding misery in Japan, do not deter him for a moment. It seems to him at the time the right thing to do. And on the highest moral grounds he commits the immorality of making a quite unfulfillable promise."

A SAINT who does not let his right hand know what his left hand is doing or his mind remember to-day what his tongue said yesterday, observes Mr. Ewer, is not likely to shine in detailed committee work. So, he says, Gandhi did not fulfil "unwise expectations" at St. James's Palace. He was out of his element, and it was a question of neither success nor failure. And Mr. Ewer tells us that—

"His first speech, with its sentimental appeal, its overstressing of humility, its reiteration of single-minded concern for the dumb suffering millions, was a failure.

"No one questioned its sincerity. But somehow it rang false. It was the right thing, perhaps, but it was in the wrong place.

"Behind the scenes he was active enough in the Hindu-Moslem negotiations, but here, too, results were intangible. Not for a moment did Gandhi take the lead or materially influence the course of committee work. He sat there, sometimes speaking, sometimes silent, while the work went on much as it would have gone on without him.

"Yet, if any among the British think that St. James's has taken the true measure of Gandhi and that his power can now be safely discounted, they will make a new Himalayan blunder. He shrank in stature, as it were, when he came westward. But he regained the loss in going east. Antæus is restrengthened by the touch of his native soil.

"In London, Mr. Gandhi is a little old gentleman. From the moment of his landing in Bombay he becomes once more the Mahatma: his voice again becomes the voice of God, and his decisions become more binding than the law to millions."

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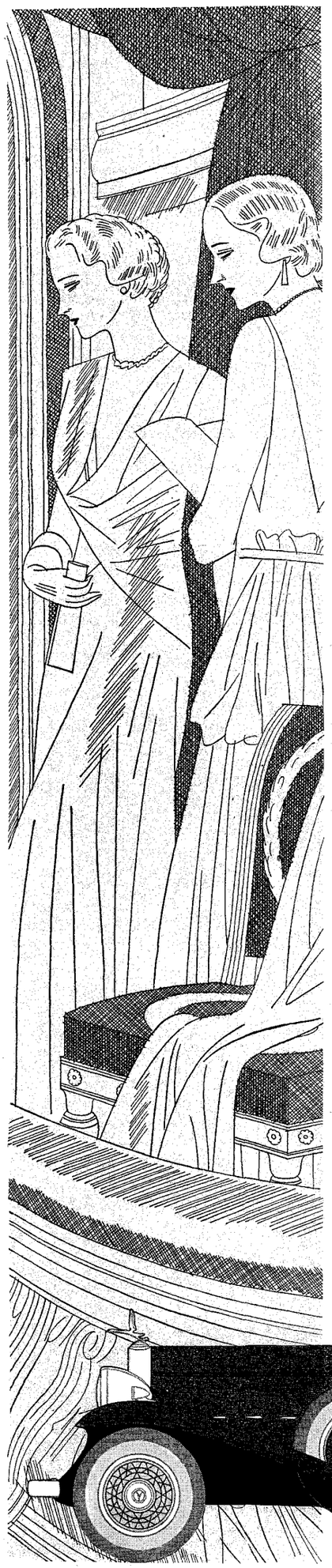

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Wide World photograph

An Urgent Problem—What Is the Best Food for the Hungry Children?
Underfed school-children in Chicago receiving free lunches at the Poor Children's Shelter.

What to Feed Hungry Children in the Depression

WHAT SHALL THE CHILDREN EAT when the family income is so reduced that the accustomed food supply is impossible?

This problem is now urgent, notes Prof. Henry C. Sherman of Columbia University, in an article contributed to *The Child Health Bulletin* (New York), and now reprinted as a leaflet by the American Child Health Association. Professor Sherman is a well-recognized authority on the chemistry of food, and is chairman of the committee on nutritional problems of the American Public Health Association. He writes:

"We are faced with the statement on the high authority of Miss Grace Abbott that great numbers of children all over the country are now living in such destitution as can not but leave them weakened and injured for life.

"Adequate relief and reasonable security will not be permanently denied. People will give as they come to realize the real need

"Meantime, what is the relief worker to advise, or the intelligent but destitute mother to do, in such times and places as there simply is not money at hand to feed a child according to even the more economical of adequate standards?

"When and while standards can not be maintained, where and how can retrenchment be made in the feeding of the child with least danger of inflicting a lasting injury?

"The guiding principle should, I think, be to provide those nutritional essentials of which a shortage tends to permanent injury, and to do this (while necessary) even at the cost of a sacrifice of other features of the dietary which are normally desirable but not absolutely essential.

"During the acute emergency, all available sources of economical food should be utilized, but money need not be spent in diversifying the diet merely for the sake of variety.

"Let no one be misled by the extravagant phrase 'deadly monotony.' No deaths are ever caused by monotony of diet, if the diet, however simple and cheap, provides the actually necessary nutrients; while shortages of these nutrients do cause all too many deaths, if not directly, then by lowering the resistance to disease.

"The food problem of the unemployment emergency presents itself primarily in the form of the question, What best to do with an inadequate amount of money?

"Advice may, therefore, perhaps best be given in terms of the spending of such money as is at hand. One suggestion which seems to have been widely useful, first formulated, I think, by Miss Lucy Gillett, is:

"'Divide the food money into fifths: one-fifth, more or less, for vegetables and fruits; one-fifth, or more, for milk and cheese; one-fifth, or less, for meats, fish, and eggs; one-fifth, or more, for bread and cereals; one-fifth, or less, for fats, sugar, and other groceries.'

"It will be noted that this does not propose invariable division into fifths, but indicates the direction which variation may wisely take—one-fifth or more for some groups; one-fifth or less for others.

"Miss Gillett tells me that her experience indicates that approximate division of the food money into fifths works well at fairly comfortable levels of expenditure; but that in the food budget of the typical low-income family it is necessary to use more than one-fifth, often one-third of the food money, for milk, *in order to provide the amount of milk that the children* of such a family actually need.

"When shortage of money forces expenditure for food to an abnormally low level, more than one-fifth (perhaps one-third) should therefore be spent for milk in some form; and the suggestion of one-fifth for fruit and vegetables should, if possible, be maintained, but with selection probably limited to the cheaper sorts so as to get the most food value for the money; at least one-fifth (of the reduced expenditure) may well go for breadstuffs and cheap forms of cereal, since a penny spent here will go farthest to meet the actual pangs of hunger; the greater part of the retrenchment should fall upon the other two-fifths of the above grouping.

"One can forego flesh, fish and fowl, and sweets, and most of the sweetened and shortened products of the bakery, and most of the miscellaneous foods bought in the grocery, if one gets enough of milk in some form and of some fruit or vegetable to provide the absolutely essential mineral elements and vitamins, and if to these foods enough breadstuff be added to prevent actual weakness from hunger. Almost always the other foods are less economical in meeting these absolute nutritional needs."

THUS, recapitulates Dr. Sherman, if forced to bare essentials, we may most wisely meet the emergency by concentrating attention upon three essential groups of foods: (1) milk and its products, (2) fruit and–or vegetables, (3) bread and other cheap sources of calories. He goes on:

"Let retrenchment of expenditure take the form, first, of foregoing the purchase of the foods of other groups, and next of selecting the cheaper or cheapest forms or articles within each of the three groups just mentioned as essential.

"This may involve some shocks to prejudices, and even to what in normal times we rightly regard as standards; but we are dealing here with the question of meeting a dire emergency. From certain standpoints two forms or kinds of milk may seem worlds apart; but any kind of milk is nutritionally more like any other kind of milk than is any other food. A crisp green vegetable or a juicy fruit may seem much preferable to a potato; but with expenditure forced to a sufficiently low level, the cheapest vegetable to be had can carry the nutritional responsibility for the whole group of fruits and vegetables during an emergency period.

"If there are times and places of such dire destitution that sacrifices must be made even among the three bare essentials of

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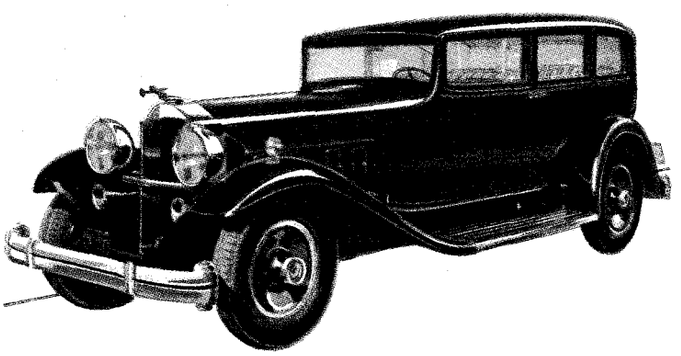
Argentina

Buenos Aires, brilliant capital of the vast Argentine Republic, is probably the greatest South American market for fine cars. Here, in the "Paris of the Western Hemisphere," Packard outregisters any other car of comparable price by more than two to one



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PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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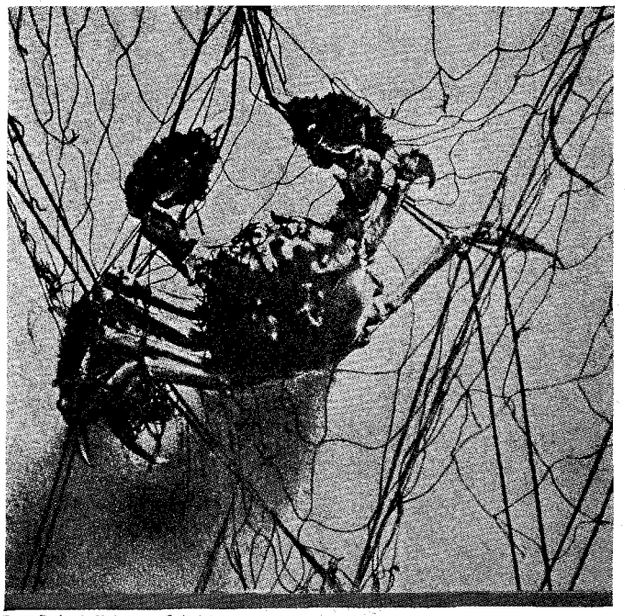
bread, milk, and some fruit or vegetable, each in the cheapest available form, what then?

"'The dietary should be built around bread and milk.' The lower the level of expenditure, the more one must forego other foods and concentrate effort upon providing these two, supplemented by a little of some inexpensive fruit or vegetable.

"This is the teaching of our present knowledge of nutrition reduced to its barest terms for the meeting of a real emergency—



From *Reclam's Universum* (Leipzig)

He Has His Boxing-Gloves On

The woolly-handed Chinese crab now invading Germany.

an emergency such as we must believe and resolve shall not last long nor recur often—but during which there may be need for a time and in some places to face frankly the fact that reasonable standards are temporarily out of reach, and that while the tragedy lasts one must guide, with what wisdom one may, the expenditure of inadequate funds for food in such ways that the children affected may be brought through without lifelong injuries so that even if body weights are subnormal for a time there may still be a basis of sound bone and lean tissue to permit of complete nutritional rehabilitation with the coming of better days."

Coppery Oysters

THAT "coppery"-tasting oysters really contain copper, and that copper is often of value as a dietary element, especially in the treatment of anemia, appears from an editorial in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago). Says this paper:

"The announcement by Hart and his collaborators at the University of Wisconsin, three years ago, that copper is effective in supplementing iron in the cure of anemia produced by an exclusive milk diet in the rat, promptly aroused the interest of the medical profession.

"There has been no warrant in applying the observations without reservation to some of the unusual conditions of the blood, such as pernicious anemia in man, that have until recently been so baffling to the physician. At the moment there is some debate as to whether copper stands alone in the capacity to promote the function of the indispensable iron. Other elements, such as manganese and germanium, are clamoring for equal recognition. Meanwhile all sorts of new products containing both iron and copper are being commercially exploited and foisted not only on an ignorant public but also on an uncertain medical profession.

"Many persons assume that copper is a scarce element in our foods, just as iron was formerly assumed to be. The facts are that both elements are more ubiquitous than might be anticipated. Illustrations of this are coming to light in rapid succession.

"The question, 'Have you had your iron to-day?' no longer conjures up the picture of raisins, which have distrest more than one person through overindulgence. Oysters, for example, have just been shown by Levine, Remington, and Culp to be capable of curing the nutritional anemia of milk-fed rats.

"The presence of copper in the oyster is not new knowledge. The studies indicate that the inorganic elements present in the oyster are responsible for its hemoglobin regenerating capacity, and that the antianemic potency of the oyster can be accounted for on the basis of its content of the three elements, iron, copper, and manganese. Other comparable discoveries are likely to follow, making the administration of copper a gustatory delight rather than the mere ingestion of 'a dose of medicine.'"

A Chinese Crab Moves to Germany

EVEN AS THE CHINESE PEASANT has been migrating by millions to Manchuria, so another Chinese denizen, the woolly-handed crab, has entered the port of Hamburg, and is spreading through the adjacent parts of Germany.

Noted for its habit of covering its claws with masses of plant fiber that look like boxing-gloves, this Chinese visitor to Germany is said to be excellent eating, and should hence be welcome.

He arrived on shipboard, or rather his ancestors did, only a few years ago; and his rapid increase shows that the German climate agrees with him.

Says Carl W. Neumann, in *Reclam's Universum* (Leipzig):

"Animals appearing in foreign lands without an official passport are badly off, as a rule.

"They are, with few exceptions, severely punished. Vagrant insects end in the poison-cup of a zealous collector, while the birds will be shot by some 'lover of nature.'

"A recent example is the American muskrat, which came to Germany, after the outbreak of the Great War, across the present Czecho-Slovakian Republic, and bred and spread rapidly. Altho considered valuable for its fur, it is persecuted with a vengeance—and this for weighty reasons.

"The most recent case is the woolly-handed crab, a native of China, which was found in the port of Hamburg for the first time in 1920. This crab, too, was prolific and bred rapidly, sent its offspring partly up the Elbe and farther into the Havel, and into the Oder to Breslau; other shoals forced their way into the Weser and Aller. Some are supposed to have immigrated even into the Wilster marsh in Holstein, and to have promenaded there on land, which is quite a remarkable achievement for a crab accidentally imported into Germany. The woolly-handed crab is already famous, if 'being in everybody's mouth' is a sign of fame.

"What has wild rumor not said about the crab from China? According to the reporters' accounts, it surpasses all our German crawfish; for it is supposed to have quickly overpowered fishes weighing several pounds, and then devoured them. The claws were reported to be so powerful and sharp that they could cut fishermen's nets and smoothly nip off human fingers! It is no wonder that speedy ruin threatened the fisheries near the haunts of this woolly-handed monster. But if, as a punishment, one cooked the creature, it by no means turned into a palatable dish, but maliciously dissolved into jelly. Of course, all this proved to be a 'fish story.'"

BUT the remarkable features of the Chinese crab, we are told, are the felt "boxing-gloves" that cover its claws without limiting the use of those weapons for defensive and offensive purposes. However, we should not be surprized by this article of clothing, for it is well known that many crawfish have the peculiar habit of thus masking themselves either wholly or partly, always for the purpose of deriving some advantage. We must remember, says the writer, that the hermit-crabs, which hide their sensitive abdomens in empty snail-shells, use these as domiciles, and frequently place a water-lily upon the roof. Others plant upon their bodies sponges or algæ in order to correspond in looks with their surroundings, and thus practise a sort of mimicry. Mr. Neumann goes on:

"We therefore need no particular imagination to interpret the gloves of the Chinese crab: they are to render invisible its threatening claws as it lies in ambush.

"Its meat, served with mayonnaise, is regarded as a delicacy, and it is said that this Chinese crab has about as many edible parts as our river crab. The latter may well afford to have a rival, for it is rather rare now and it can not be bred artificially. The visitor from China will, perhaps, even sooner than we may suspect at present, become a commodity at the delicatessen stores and an important item on the gala menu cards."

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Vitamins Not for Colds

A TENDENCY TO USE THE VITAMINS—especially D and A—as cold-cures, is noted editorially by *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago). In the opinion of the writer there is as yet no evidence that either of these substances has any value for such a purpose.

Winter brings an epidemic of colds, and, he remarks:

"Probably no other disease is responsible for so much temporary disability.

"Most of the public have learned that the symptoms can be abated, and the cold controlled in the majority of instances, if the patient will go promptly to bed and stay there for at least three days. Actual observation indicates that less than one-half of 1 per cent. of people really follow this advice.

"The promoters of various types of devices and foods associated with health maintenance have been prompt to take advantage of every possibility for exploiting their materials in connection with the universality of the common cold.

"Vitamin D has been vaunted for this purpose in the form of ultra-violet rays, cod-liver oil, cod-liver-oil concentrates, irradiated foods, and what-not, notwithstanding the fact that there is not the slightest scientific evidence to indicate that excess of vitamin D will prevent a cold or have any effect in curing it.

"More recently evidence has been offered to indicate that in mice an excess of vitamin A favorably affects the tissue of the respiratory tract. Thus far, however, there is not sufficient actual evidence to warrant any claim at all for the use of vitamin A in preventing a cold.

"An old English general practitioner, when asked what was the best thing to get for a cold, replied 'Two dozen soft linen handkerchiefs.'

"The tendency of the common cold is to be self-limited. At the end of three days the patient is generally better or beginning to get a more serious disease.

"The simple home remedies established by use in the last century will continue to be employed with considerable satisfaction by most people. They involve going to bed, indulging in perspiration by the use of hot-water bottles and warm drinks, slightly alkaline, the prescription of remedies somewhat antipyretic and analgesic, and watchful waiting for the onset of symptoms indicating any complication.

"In the meantime, both the physician and the layman may well be advised to distrust conclusions as to the prophylactic value of any device or preparation for the common cold beyond the well-established hygienic advice to stay out of crowds, to keep the head cool and the feet warm, and specifically to keep away from people who have colds. Our modern housing and transportation make the last-mentioned measure almost an impossibility.

"As concerns vitamin A particularly, it has been established that it has in mice the virtue of maintaining the integrity of the epithelial linings of the mucous tracts and the skin. Acceptable evidence in support of its specific virtues as related to the common cold is not available.

"Indeed, such evidence as is available tends to indicate that it has little if any important virtue in this regard."

That Mysterious Sense of Repetition

A THEORY to explain the mysterious impression, which almost every one experiences occasionally, that something which he is doing or seeing has been done or seen before in exactly the same way was suggested at a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Medicine, in London, by Dr. Aubrey Lewis. To quote Dr. E. E. Free, in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"There is not the slightest reason, Dr. Lewis believes, to imagine that this is evidence of a former existence or to take seriously any of the other supernatural or mystical interpretations which have been suggested.

"The experience is merely a mild symptom, Dr. Lewis believes, of a mental condition in which the automatic time-sense of the normal mind is disordered.

"Insane persons, whose time-senses often are distorted more completely, sometimes imagine, Dr. Lewis stated, that their minds are eternal and altogether outside of time. Others believe that time stops and starts at intervals, like an erratic clock. For others everything seems to have happened ages ago, and still others feel that the future is rushing at them with enormous speed. Some can not distinguish past, present, and future at all and imagine that past events are happening now or that future ones already have happened.

"In all these instances, Dr. Lewis believes, the fundamental trouble is that things which are happening now and which therefore are represented in the mind by direct sensations lose the firm sense of reality which such present things have for the normal individual as compared with the more or less unreal ideas of past or future. In severe cases the slipping of this mental cog dislocates altogether the time-sense of the victim. If the slip is slight and momentary, what happens is the familiar feeling of having seen or done all this before."

Fingers and Forks

IT IS HARD TO REALIZE that the use of forks at the table is something quite recent.

Four or five hundred years ago—only a few ticks of history's clock—the old reliable fingers did the work.

So we are told in a very informing book on "The English Medieval Feast," by Prof. William Edward Mead, an authority on English literature, language, and customs, and for many years Professor of English at Wesleyan University.

From *The American Weekly*

Italian Dinner Party of the Fifteenth Century

Note the gentleman at the rear right taking a handful of the meat.

He cites numerous old recipes to show that the dishes of our forefathers were fearfully and wonderfully made—"nearly every dish was a riddle." Each was a marvelous hodge-podge of meats, vegetables, fruits, spices, sugar, nuts, and what-not, all mixed together and pounded to an impalpable pulp in a huge mortar. Then he says:

"At first sight this constant maceration of food might seem to suggest a people who were toothless and had to be spared the trouble of mastication by having their food made easy to slip down their throats.

"But a simple explanation is to be found in the lack of forks.

"There was no easy way of cutting meat upon one's plate, and hence the cutting was done by the carver, who served the meat in small pieces to be taken up in one's fingers, or the contents of an entire dish were soft and mushy and had to be eaten with a spoon or dipt up with the fingers.

"As is well known, the ordinary table fork did not come into use in England before the reign of James I, after the eccentric traveler, Thomas Coryat, had brought up a fork from Italy.

"And this simple implement contributed to bring about a revolution in cookery, for when with a fork a guest could hold his meat firmly upon his plate while cutting it and could pass food from his plate to his mouth without scooping it up in his fingers, the soft messes in fashion for so many generations were no more required, and dining gradually ceased to be a sticky and messy performance."

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

A BITTER comment on the times, with acknowledgments to a recent famous match at bridge, in *The Statesman and Nation* (London):

"PSYCHIC BIDDING"

By MacFlecknoe

"Mr. Lenz's yell . . . has dramatized the frayed nerves of mankind."—Y. Y.

"Why did you make such rotten bids?" The cry
Of one redoubled, in the agony
Of five no-trumps against him, also serves
Subtly to dramatize our jangled nerves
Who play life's game, and lose, and lose again.
Wherefore to Europe's statesmen I complain:
"Why did you make such rotten bids? Your call,
'Grand Slam in Reparations!' leaves us all
To keep on paying for the coup you planned—
A psychic bid, with nothing in your hand.
You plunged on 'Local Pacts,' and then you went
One timid trick upon 'Disarmament';
And when the Conference meets, we'll find, no doubt,
You'll let the militarists call you out
And bid us up on 'Bombers.' Blindly bold,
No bullion in your hands, you plunged on gold,
And lost as usual—leaving us to pay
And curse your overcalling; while today
You've doubled 'Tariffs,' and I think you'll find
The unregrettable instincts of mankind
Will soon re-double. (That's a curious game
Where those who lose or win both pay the same.)
Oh, yes, your bids are psychic right enough—
If that's the modern term for naked bluff;
Just like your play—the delicate finesse
That lands us, every Conference, in a mess;
For life's like Bridge, it very seldom pays
To try to be too clever. Go your ways;
Play a straight game, safe, prudent, wisely bold,
And strive to understand the cards you hold;
Lest the bored nations whom you have betrayed,
Their nerves, like Mr. Lenz's, badly frayed,
Should rise upon you with the raucous yell
'Why did you make such rotten bids?' Farewell!"

MEMORIES of the intrepid Grace Darling are stirred by this poem in *Bozart and Contemporary Verse* (Oglethorpe University, Ga.):

THE LIGHTHOUSE

By Harold Vinal

Here, lost forever in the foam
Ensnared and blinded by the sky,
The lighthouse stood and was a home
No living woman should profit by.

Upon the monstrous cliff it hung,
A Cyclop's eye, a weather-beaten
Barracks against the storms that sung,
A house too weather-eaten

For any woman to endure.
A place perhaps for tired ease,
But bounded by so small a shore,
There was no place for growing trees

By the imperishable wave,
It nestled on its rock crag,
And like a sleeper in a grave,
She heard the endless summers lag.

And if at last when he had gone
Out in the dory, was it strange
The tide that she was looking on
Promised a respite and a change?

Ebbing it did not flow alone,
It carried with it out to sea
The flotsam of a spirit, prone
To leave behind mortality.

A blue calm was upon the spume,
The gulls looked down on summer dying;
Somewhere a ship went down to doom,
But with her tired banners flying.

The Fortnightly Review (London) thinks it has unearthed an unacknowledged poem of Villon. It is good invective:

BALLADE AGAINST THE SLANDERER

(After Francois Villon)

[*It is five hundred years since the date usually given as that of Villon's birth. His best-known pieces have been rendered many times. The following is a contemporary production, bears all the characteristics of his invective, and fails to suggest any other writer to whom it could rightly be attributed.*—Wilfrid Thorley.]

Now let the dagger-blade dive through
His dastard spine! Now, slowly bled,
Set on his chest a leech or two
To feed for ever. Let the lead
From some loud culverin be shed
Upon his mouth to choke it. Aye!
Starve him in jail until he's dead
That damns another with his lie.

Let him go naked to the dew,
The open road his only bed;
Let the sharp hedgehog stab him through
His flimsy cloth of open thread,
The wind his curtain overhead.
Let scorpions bite as he goes by.
Starve him in jail until he's dead
That damns another with his lie.

Now chop his flesh and then bestrew
The air like grain that's ground for bread.
Beat him with bull-thongs; naked, too,
Let him have brambles for a bed.
And that his life be sooner sped,
Let poison foul his blood, say I.
Starve him in jail until he's dead
That damns another with his lie.

Prince! to the rack let him be led
Ten times a day, the felon. Fie!
Starve him in jail until he's dead
That damns another with his lie.

How to cure yourself of superstitions! In *Harper's:*

JADE PENDANT

By Mary Carolyn Davies

The feel of jade
Makes people less afraid
Of death. I wear
A pendant on my bare
Throat. There
My fingers, frightened, run for comforting.
To-day I learned a small, breath-stopping thing:
The carved white pendant, delicate and frail
Like a small petal bravely cool and pale,
Is imitation. I unclasped it then . . .
I thought a while, and put it on again.

If one can qualify among the "fools and heroes," here is manna for the soul in *The Cornhill* (London):

YOU SHALL NOT CAPTURE BEAUTY

By Joan Ramsay

You shall not capture Beauty, coward heart,
Afraid to suffer, purposeless, and tame—
She is the high god's daughter hedged with flame,
From all save fools and heroes set apart;
About her rock the scorching serpents dart
Forever. You are too timid, heart, to claim
So perilous a conquest—you should aim
Lower, who falter at the first wound's smart.

Turn from her then—she is too high for you—
Here's safety, here is surety against pain,
Here's sanctuary, in the even plain—
Forget the burning mountain, take your ease;
Why should you seek her? Beauty's for the few
Who walk through fire to win her—none but these.

THE famous "Flanders Field" has produced many echoes. This one in *The Family* (Albany) expresses a needed reiteration:

WE WHO ARE DEAD

By Paul L. Benjamin

We who are dead, we cannot sleep
Beneath the crosses, row on row.
We hear the common folk who weep;
We feel the dirk-thrusts of their woe.

We who are dead, who fought for you,
We cannot rest in Flanders field.
We died to make a world anew,
And now you take the sword and shield.

We who are dead, comrade and friend,
We call to you to do the task
We died to do; to make an end
Of war and want; just this we ask,
We who are dead.

Poetry (Chicago) prints a group of poems under the general title "Buckshee," defined as a British Army word derived from "backchisch," signifying "something unexpected, undeserved, and gratifying." Mr. Ford says, "if you have given up the practise of writing verse, and suddenly find yourself writing it—those verses will be 'buckshee.'" Here is one depicting a vamp that he suggests we may find among our friends—"chez nos amis":

CHEZ NOS AMIS

By Ford Madox Ford

Silent in the background, she
Glowers now and then at me
With a smouldering tigress' eye
That does dream of cruelty.

Leopard, ounce or ocelot
She by turns is cold or hot;
She is sinuous and black,
Long of limb and lithe of back.

The deep places of the mind
She can probe, and thus can find
Every weakness, every blot,
Every weary aching spot.

She will scrutinize her prey,
Turn disdainfully away,
Sinuous and dark and cold.
Then she'll spring and then she'll hold.

Then with what a dreadful heat
She will mangle breasts and feet
And hands and lacerate a heart.
. . . And then listlessly depart.

Life everywhere carries on, seems to be the message here in *The Poets Forum* (Howe, Okla.):

NATURE-URGE

By Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

The old rick rack fence has fallen.
The little cemetery stands out undefended
In the August noon-sunlight.
Weed root embraces weed root beneath the gray soil.

In a patch of shade cast by a crooked tree,
Two butter-colored cows munch lazily.

The tombstones are tired.
Some slant to the left, some slant to the right;
As if conscious of their useless mission
Of recording names no one cares to read.

Upon the petals of a wild tiger-lily,
Two love-mad dragonflies mate fervently.

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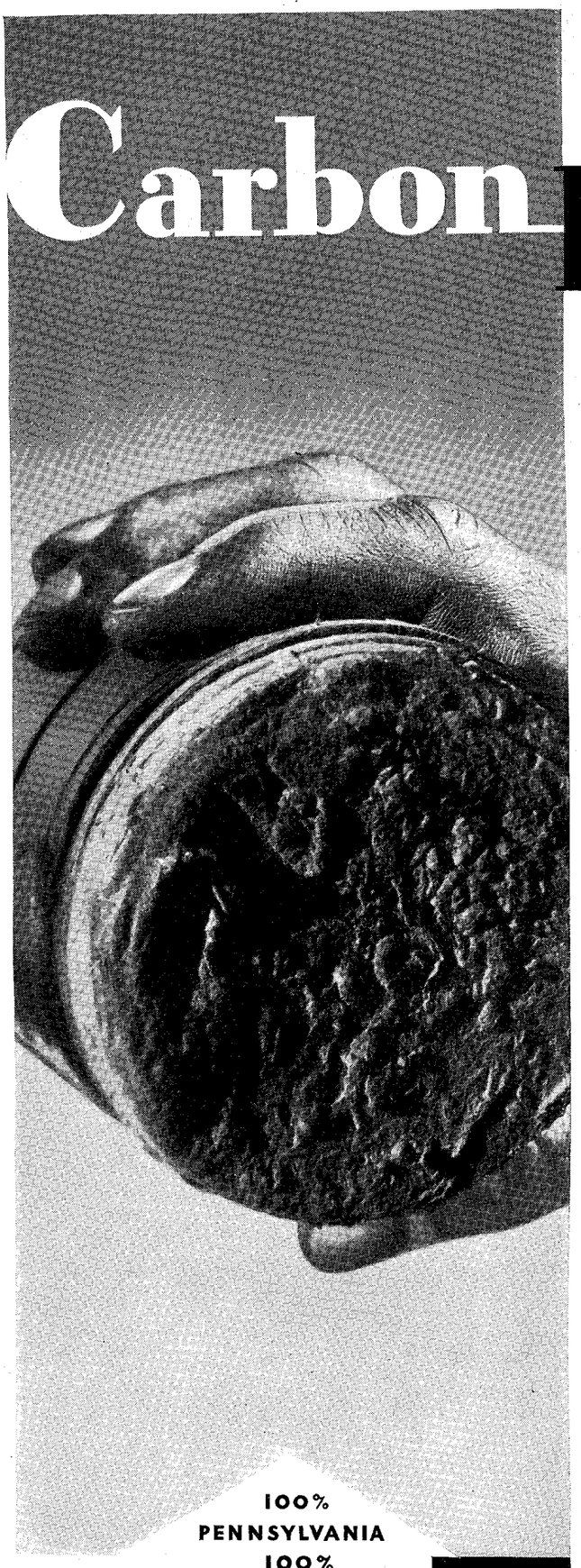

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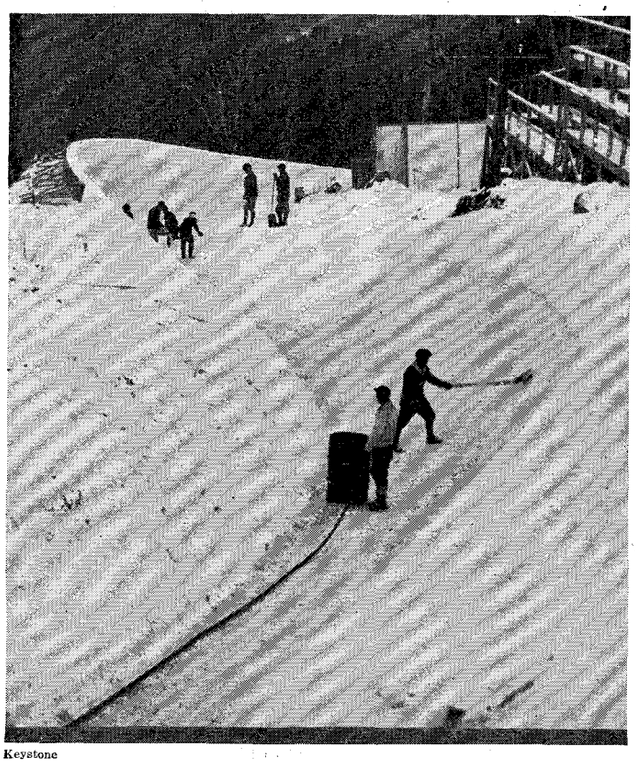
SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Battling for Icy Honors at Lake Placid

THE SKI-JUMPER WAS WHEEZING after his climb—hundreds of steps to the top of a seventy-foot tower.

But by the time his skis were fastened on he had his breath again, and stood "limned against the clouds" awaiting the call of the bugle.

The clear notes sound from the judges' stand, and, writes



Keystone

Icing Up the Gleaming Track at Zigzag Turn for the Meteoric Rush of the Bob-sled Express

Donald Fair Morgan in an article syndicated by Newspaper Enterprise Association's *Every Week Magazine*, "the ski-rider steps fearlessly into the snowy runway. With a graceful swoop, crouching almost double, he goes flying down that precipitous incline with the speed of a shooting star."

He gathers momentum with the rush of wind, we read on. He approaches the take-off, the leap into space down the mountainside, at sixty, seventy miles an hour.

"LIKE a bird before flight he seems to pause for an instant before the leap, but is thrown suddenly upward against the sky, body rigid, arms out, head proudly erect, soaring over the platform edge and into the thin, cold air.

"Wh-r-r-r! Skis parallel, with a wandlike motion of the arms to hurl him faster forward and keep his balance, he hurtles over the brow of the hill. In the mad flight of a second he bends from the waist, and his body tips forward with a sudden planing effect like that of a glider in swift descent—tips forward until it seems that his head will touch the end of his skis. It is the glider technique." Then:

The skis strike the snow with an audible impact, leaping forward one in advance of the other.

From the crouching position of his rush down the lower hill he straightens gradually, trying the intensity of that delicate balance, steadies himself, and shoots down to the level area to execute a skilful stop-turn which sends up a geyser of snow behind him.

The snow blurs, and the jumper turns to face the judges again. A deep silence hangs over the spectators, awaiting the announcement in the distance.

Two hundred and one feet! Thus Sigurd Ulland some time ago achieved a history-making leap on the Olympic ski hill at Lake Placid, and sent shivers up and down the backs of all who saw him.

Cold-weather vacationists who have gone up to the winter-sports Mekka at Lake Placid for the Olympic winter games this week, are experiencing similar thrills in abundance. That is, they are experiencing them if the weather man, who has been somewhat temperamental this winter, is a good sport and provides plenty of ice and snow, as he *did not during* the tryouts.

Daring ski-jumpers, if all goes well, are shooting down Intervales Hill. Bob-sled daredevils are thundering like express-trains down the new run on Mount Van Hoevenberg, the first Olympic bob-sled run in the United States, and one that equals anything at San Moritz, Davos, Chamonix, and other famous European winter-sports resorts.

ABOUT twenty-five nations, it is expected, will take part in the Olympic Winter Games of 1932, at Lake Placid. These nations "will be represented by several hundred athletes who will compete in the major Olympic winter sports: speed-skating, figure-skating, skiing, bob-sledding, and hockey, and two Olympic demonstrations, curling and sled-dog racing." So we are told by a pamphlet from the committee in charge. Further:

Speed-skaters from Finland, mighty atom of the athletic world—world-famous ski-jumpers from the far-off Land of the Midnight Sun—a Polish hockey team—graceful figure-skaters from Old World capitals—daredevil bob-sledders from Germany and the Argentine—teams of huskies, sled-dogs from the snowy wastes of Canada—and a group of tam-o'-shantered curlers from Bonnie Scotland—these are only a few of the athletes of winter who will display their prowess under the Olympic egis at Lake Placid.

Nations expected to have teams entered in the Lake Placid games include Argentine, Austria, Belgium, Canada, Czecho-Slovakia, Esthonia, Finland, France, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Japan, Jugo-Slavia, Latvia, Lithuania, Luxemburg, Mexico, Norway, Poland, Roumania, Sweden, and Switzerland.

For weeks before the game, according to an account by Harry Cross in the New York *Herald Tribune*, ocean fairways were "cluttered with ships bearing Europe's most formidable forces

Keystone

Whoosh! And Away You Fly With Skis for Wings

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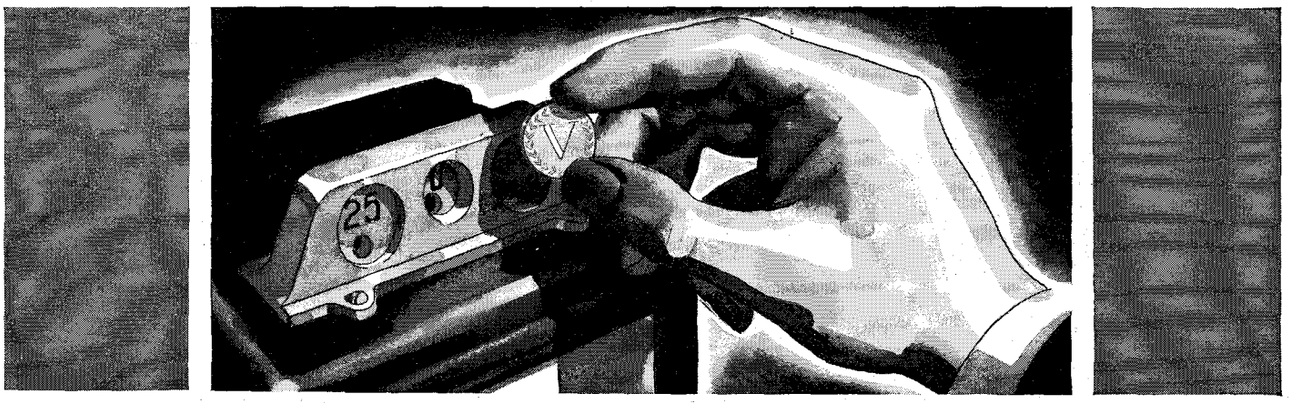

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for the winter Olympics." Combining excerpts from two articles by Mr. Cross, we get this picture of some of our friendly enemies in what has been called "the world war on snow and ice":

On the *Berengaria* there came Finland's ski and skating team, and two little English girls, Miss Megan O. Taylor and Miss Cecelia Colledge, who will compete in the figure-skating championships.

Little Miss Taylor, just before sailing from home, won the women's figure-skating title of Great Britain at the Manchester Skating Club in London. The girls are only eleven, and will be the youngest competitors in the Olympic games. Miss Taylor was accompanied by her father, Phil Taylor, a professional skater in London. The new British champion went to the Ice Club atop Madison Square Garden, and lost no time in taking an hour's practise. Miss Colledge will also practise here a few days before going to the Adirondacks.

The Finnish team was in charge of Armas Palmros. In the party were the Lappalainen brothers, Martti and Tauno, long-distance skiers, and Veli Saarinen, Iivari Toikka, jumpers, and Ossi Blomquist, speed-skater.

The full squad of Norwegian skiers; Gillis Grafstroem, of Sweden, the Olympic figure-skating champion; Bernd Evensen, long-distance speed-skating champion of Sweden; and also Billy Fiske and Jack Heaton, members of the 1928 American Olympic bob-sled teams, came on the *Europa*.

The skiers of Norway, who have monopolized victory in that sport in the last two Olympic meets, present their full strength in both the jump and cross-country skiing. They expect to win again at Lake Placid next month. Miss Sonja Henie, world champion woman figure-skater, was to have accompanied the other members of Norway's team, but she, together with the men skaters, postponed the trip a week to compete in the championships at home.

Wide World

A Veteran Bobber and His Load of Aids

Billy Fiske and his Olympic team. Fiske was driver of the winning American team in 1928.

Some of our own entries include this group of skiers, listed in *The Herald Tribune:*

Nils Backstrom, Norton R. Billings, Rolf Monsen, Richard E. Parsons, Robert H. Reid, Olle Zetterstrom, Erling N. Anderson, Edward J. Blood, Lloyd C. Ellingson, John M. Ericksen, James Harsh, Caspar Oimoen, Roy Mikkelsen, Pedar Falstad, John Dwight Steele, Lemoine Batson, Carl Holmstrom.

Then there are such bob-sled virtuosi as:

Henry A. Homberger, Percy D. Bryant, F. Paul Stevens, Edmund C. Horton, Harry G. Martin, William L. Fiske, Edward F. Egan, Clifford B. Gray, James J. O'Brien, J. Hubert Stevens, Hunter Goodrich, Albert Ashforth, Howard Lipson, Clement Hackney, Curtis P. Stevens, Arthur L. D. Adams, Raymond F. Stevens, John R. Heaton, Robert H. Minton.

And as for the dog-sled teams, Mr. Cross writes thus in *The Herald Tribune:*

Twelve sled-dog teams were named for the two twenty-five-mile demonstration races at the Olympics, seven representing the United States and five representing Canada. Among the teams which will represent this country will be that of Leonhard Seppala, one of the best known dog-mushers. Seppala has recently received his naturalization papers. Mrs. Milton Seeley, of Wonalancet, New Hampshire, will be the only woman driver in the races.

Harry Wheeler, of St. Jovite, Quebec, is another famous racer of dog-sleds who will represent Canada, as will Jack Defalco, of Ottawa, and Emile St. Godard, of The Pas, Manitoba.

Moseley Taylor, of Boston, has a team entered which will be driven by Roger Haines. The New England Sled Dog Club of Cambridge has a team entered which will probably be driven by Walter Channing, who has won dog-sled races at Lake Placid for the last two years.

Other entries include Dr. F. J. D'Avignon, of Lake Placid; Brydges and Sproul, of Canada; Stuart Belknap, of Keene, New Hampshire; J. D. McIlhenney, of Philadelphia, and Rodolophe Marquis, of Quebec.

Bob-sledding and ski-jumping will compete for first place in spectacularity at the games. Regarding these sports, there are two schools of thought. Bob-sledding, according to George Trevor in the New York *Sun*, is the "champagne of speed sensations—a nerve-shocking thriller that makes flying, automobile-racing, and steeplechasing seem tame by comparison." Elon Jessup, writing in *The Sportsman*, speaks for the skiers. In comparison with other winter sports, he seems to feel, "ski-jumping is always the curtain, the climax, the sky-rockets after the firecrackers." Going back to Mr. Trevor, in *The Sun*, we find him elaborating his hymn in praise of bob-sledding and giving us considerable information about the Olympic run at Lake Placid. We are told:

Bob-sled-racing is a man's game. It requires courage, initiative, skill, quick reflexes, and an ample bank account. A four-place racing-box costs about $500. It weighs 485 pounds, empty, and measures 12½ feet in length. It is steered like a motor-car, the pilot sitting up front in the exposed position. The brakeman sits in the stern, ready to apply the brake at the skipper's command. This brake is really a steel harrow, with saw-tooth prongs.

In a four-seater bob-sleigh the two middle men act as ballast. Beyond participating in the synchronized bobbing motion which accelerates the speed of the sled on straightaways, these two center riders have no responsibility. They are really passengers, tho they help preserve balance by leaning to the low side along with their mates. Other things being equal, the heavier crew is apt to make the faster descent.

But we digress.

We were discussing the lack of a bona fide bob-sled run prior to 1930. Thanks to the enterprise of the Olympic committee and the generosity of Lake Placid sportsmen, this deficiency no longer exists. On the precipitous slope of Mount Van Hoevenberg, near the town of Lake Placid, two bob-sled slides have recently been fashioned. One is a practise course, less than half a mile in length, with seven turns and an average speed of about forty-five miles an hour. The other is the last word in championship bob-sled runs, designed by Stanislaus Zentzytski, who never sees his name spelled twice alike.

Herr Zentzytski is engineer of "the famous Schreiberhau run in Germany. He is regarded as the premier bob-sleigh-course architect of the world," Mr. Trevor assures us, continuing:

Yes, it's a profession—requires a railway-builder's knowledge of banking a corner and contouring a curve to hold a high-speed vehicle safely.

Zentzytski is proud of his Mount Van Hoevenberg creation. He carved it out of a virgin forest, modeling the course in earth during the summer months before it was coated with glare ice and a thin top-dressing of snow. If you visited Lake Placid last summer, you saw the "skeleton" of Zentzytski's run spiraling down the mountainside.

The banked curves have a foundation of crusht rock to insure that they will hold their scientifically cambered profiles despite the erosion of weather. These turns are engineered according to a mathematical formula, the pitch being calculated to hold a sled weighing nearly half a ton (crew included) as it gyrates around at sixty miles an hour. Now you understand why an expert engineer is required.

The Mount Van Hoevenberg run is approximately a mile and a half in length, with an average drop of 10 per cent. That, in case you don't know, is a dizzy down-grade. There are twenty-six curves, five being of an acute variety that might give even a human fly the vertigo.

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Use a Gargle with Purging Action

IF YOU WOULD STOP A COLD AT ONCE

Physicians Now Urge This Special Type of Treatment To Get Rid of Germs EMBEDDED In The Mucus . . . A Really Scientific Way To Check Fresh Colds Quickly

MODERN science practically agrees that there is one best way to stop a fresh cold. Killing loose surface germs won't do it. For it's the germs embedded *in the mucus* that attack your mouth and throat. And 90 per cent of the time ordinary gargles, no matter how strong, don't touch them. Because they don't get under the mucus.

That's why the advice of doctors is—At the first indication of a cold, use a PURGING TREATMENT. Cleanse the membranes of the mouth and throat. Get rid of every vestige of germ-breeding mucus. And give tissues a chance to exercise their disease-resisting functions.

That is why Lavoris is being so widely specified by physicians as the first step in treating colds.

How It Acts

The action of Lavoris in the mouth and throat will be a revelation to you.

First: It loosens, "cuts" and removes dangerous, germ-laden mucus. Turns it into a "curd" so you can expel it easily and quickly.

You see the shreds with your own eyes.

Thus you know that bacteria are washed out because the mucus that they lodge in is flushed out.

No longer can mucus hold germs in contact with the tissues where they breed and multiply. It leaves the tissues clean and sweet.

In all this, its effect is soothing. It cannot harm the most delicate membranes or disturb the important gastric juices or digestive process.

Second: After the tissues are purged, cleansed and soothed, Lavoris stimulates circulation and fortifies against other germs.

Accept Trial Offer

At the first sign of a cold—do as physicians now advise. Use this purging type of treatment. *Mix Lavoris with hot water, half-and-half.* Gargle frequently until you get relief. Get Lavoris at any drug store. Or accept the trial offer at the right. And receive a generous bottle for the cost of packing and mailing.

See how swiftly it gets the sticky mucus out. Note the quick relief. See how speedily cold is checked.

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Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me your large, generous sample of Lavoris. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

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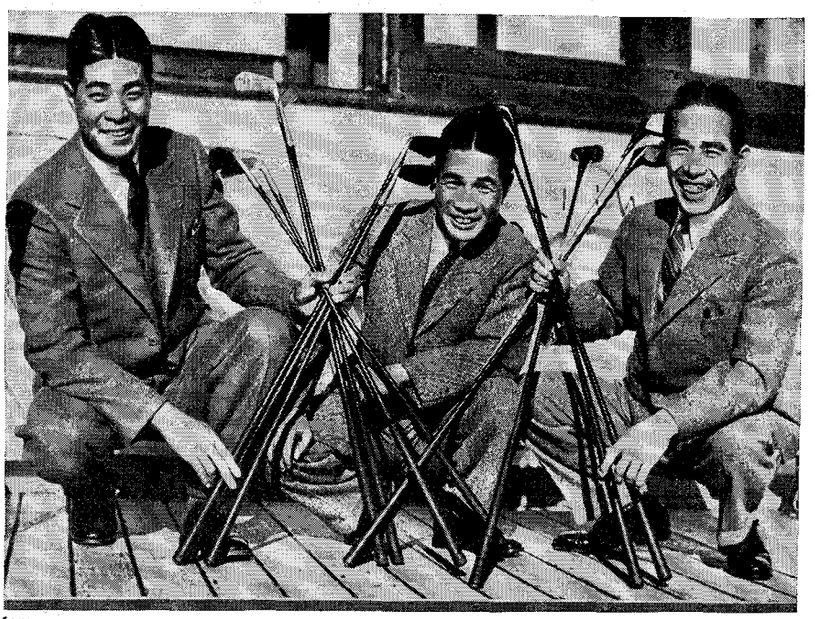
A Million-Dollar Golf-Bug Bites Japan

THE LAND OF CHERRY-BLOSSOMS and the Rising Sun is also the land of birdies, and eagles, and holes in one, and rising golf stars.

Even the Emperor, Hirohito, the "Son of Heaven," plays on his private course daily, and, according to Earl Chapin May's account in *The American Golfer*, "his liking for golf is reflected in his minions from princes to counts, captains of industry and coolies."

The recent Japanese tour of the American golfers, Walter Hagen and Joe Kirkwood, was a triumphal progress. And now Japan is ready to take her place in international golf. Her three leading professionals, Rakuzo Asami, Kokichi Yasuda, and Tomekichi Miyamoto, recently came to America and made an excellent impression, according to Francis J. Powers, who tells in a Consolidated Press Association dispatch of their entry in the Los Angeles Open.



Acme

Smiling Invaders Ready to Match Shots With American Golfers

Left to right—Rakuzo Asami, Kokichi Yasuda, and Tomekichi Miyamoto.

If you have any doubt of Japan's liking for golf, consider what the fans of the nation are willing to pay for it.

It costs "each of the 500 members of the Tokyo Golf Club, oldest in the vicinity of the capital, about $2,500 yearly to play the game," says Mr. May. "It is going to cost them more, a few years from now, for their lease on the present course will soon expire. Hence the club has purchased a new site, twelve miles from the city. The land for this site is costing $6,000 an acre."

AND another Nipponese enthusiast is reported by the same writer to have spent $1,000,000 on two courses. Verily, when the golf-bug bites, he bites hard!

Japanese golf is beginning to produce stars who can keep up with fast company, we may judge from the account of the Nipponese sportsmen in the Los Angeles Open. Says Mr. Powers in his Consolidated Press account:

> Rakuzo Asami, Kokichi Yasuda, and Tomekichi Miyamoto have made a very favorable impression during their stay in California. Rakuzo, in Japanese, means "Happy Boy," and Asami is well named, for he wears a perpetual smile, and with typical Oriental stoicism, a bad shot never bothers him. Kokichi is "Small Boy" in the Japanese language, and he also is well named.
>
> Yasuda is the mighty atom of the Japanese visitors. Four times he has been runner-up for the championship of Japan, and he has a bag filled with good shots. He is the professional at the Tokyo Golf Club, while Miyamoto, the present Japanese open champion, is located at the Ibasaki C. C., near Osaka. Miyamoto is going to compete in the British Open Championship in June, and then return to this country for the National Open.
>
> The Japanese have been consistently around 75 since coming to the United States, and go about their play with all the confidence of our native stars. Their greatest difficulties have been in solving the tricks of California greens. They get fair distance off the tees and play well up to the greens. With no professional instruction, they have copied their games after leading American professionals, and have done a very excellent job.

WHEN Walter Hagen and Joe Kirkwood won a close match play from Miyamoto and Yasuda, on the Tokyo Golf Club's links, Mr. May tells us in *The American Golfer:*

> More than 1,000 Japanese fans followed them around the eighteen-hole course. In that excited and fast-moving throng of fans were their Imperial Highnesses, Prince and Princess Asaka, Prince Takeda, and Prince Kuni. There were barons, counts, and viscounts, too. It was a gathering of Japanese notables who mingled with the 200 "foreigners" representing America and England and other distant countries.
>
> The course on which the champions played was nearly six miles from the center of Japan's capital. For the land on which its 6,351 yards were laid out, in eighteen holes, the members of the Tokyo Golf Club are paying $30,000 annual rental. Except for the clumps of red Japanese pine and bamboo which adjoin the fairways and the greens, and except for the Japanese players and caddies, the latter in red caps and kimonos if they are chasing golf-balls for royalty, a visitor might think himself in England.
>
> Of the 500 members of the Tokyo Golf Club, only about a dozen are "foreigners." Englishmen and Americans started the game, but the Japanese are taking it away from them.
>
> Almost any afternoon or morning, except in January and February, a visitor can find plenty of Japanese ladies and gentlemen plugging away at the ancient game just as they plug away at anything they decide to tackle.
>
> If a prince or princess is on the links, all other players know it, because the royal caddies wear red instead of blue caps. One may find Japanese royalty playing on almost any course in Japan, but the highest members of Japanese society are more apt to be at the Tokyo, which is popularly known as Komazawa, because it is near the Komazawa trolley-station.

NEXT, Mr. May tells us of his friend, Baron Kishichiro Okura, an enthusiast of the links, who, paradoxically, takes his golf vicariously. So far, we are told:

> He has taken it to the tune of $1,000,000. That is what his two eighteen-hole golf-courses at Kawana, near Ito, have cost him. These two well-nigh perfect installations of ways and means to make duffers quail look craftily out upon the Pacific Ocean. The northernmost course also looks toward Fuji, seen readily in the middle distance. That course is just naturally called the Fuji Course. The other course, looking southward, faces the active volcano on the Island of Oshima. That is why it is called Oshima.
>
> The course at Fuji is over 7,000 yards long, that at Oshima is 6,046. Between the courses is a nifty little club-house with twenty-nine varieties of stimulants in its nineteenth hole. Tea and sandwiches are also served at this club-house, which is equipped with showers, lockers, and everything.
>
> The holes were laid out with a most vivid imagination. Ravines and gulleys are quite in order. So are little mountains and plateaus. From one young peak the driven ball has to fall 300 feet before it can hit anything. There are some less exciting.
>
> The imagination also enters nomenclature. On the Fuji course the holes are named "Separation," "Tiny Throne," "Côte D'Azur," "Slicer," "Puller," "Komazawa," "Inakamichi," "Yamanote," "Down Town," "Rokosan," "Home Sick," "Niblick, Esq.," and so on.

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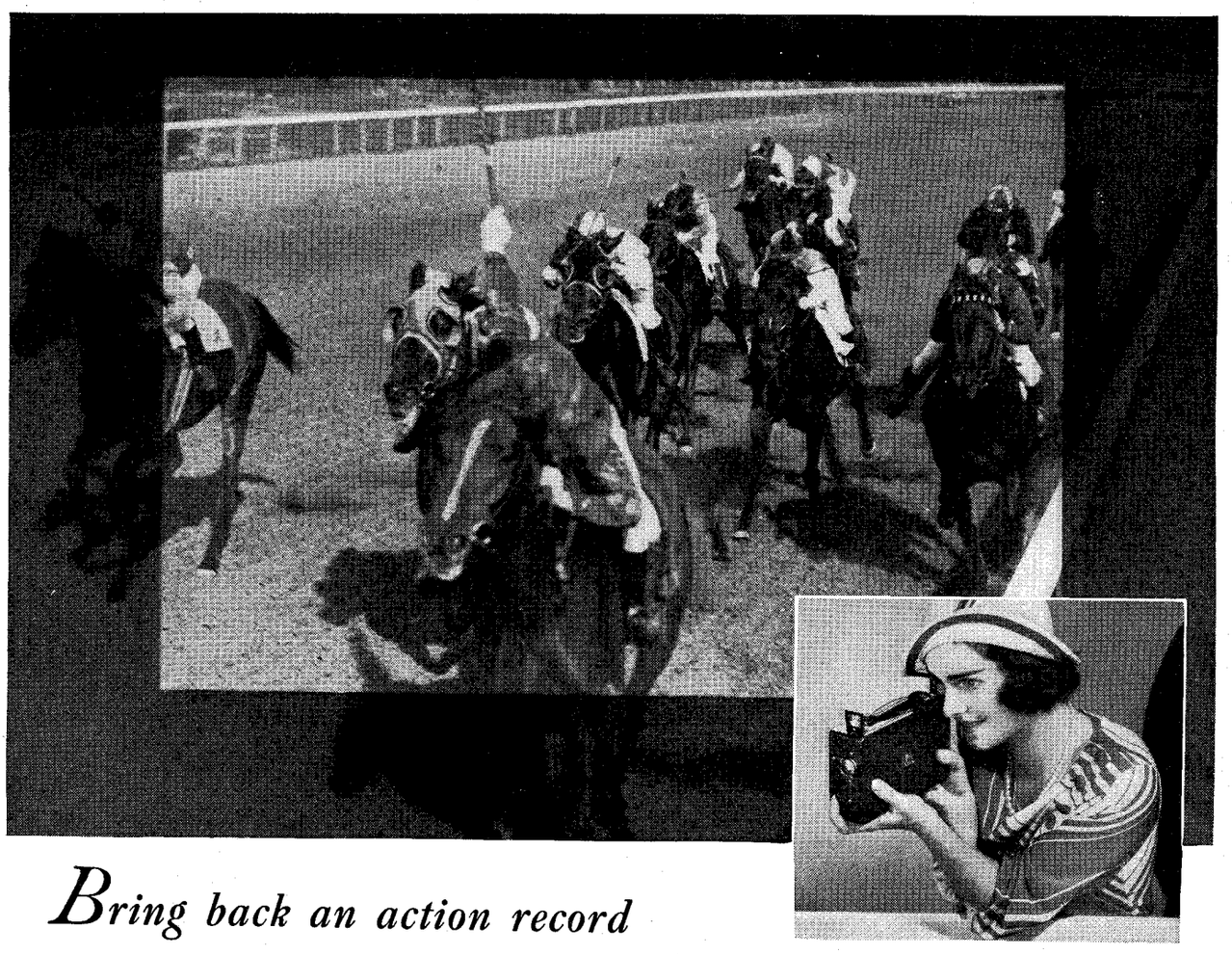
When excitement runs high in Havana



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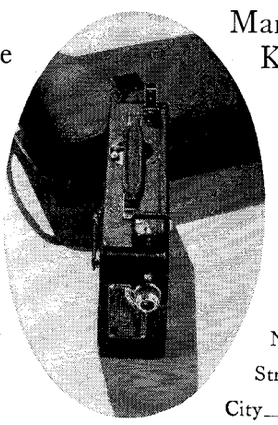

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You make clear, sharp movies . . . alive with action . . . the first time you try.

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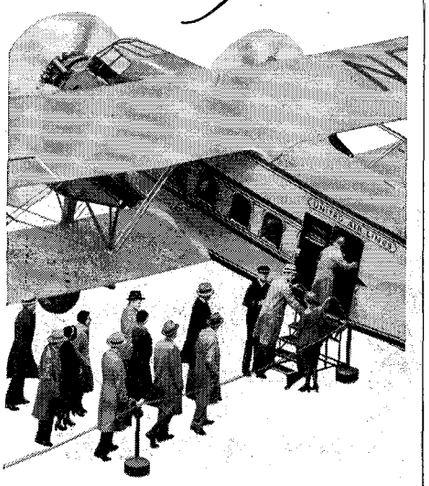

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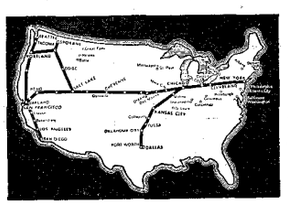

Thrills of the Basket-ball Pros

THEY live their basket-ball, those Hoosier cage fans.

And the particular crowd of them of which we speak were "up against the ceiling" of a Fort Wayne gym, so tense was the excitement over the game between Fort Wayne and Brooklyn fives.

At the end of the regulation period, "the score was deadlocked at twenty-three points," Rody Cooney, a professional basket-ball player, writes in *Sport Story Magazine*. An extra period, and the two teams battled away the five minutes, with many narrow calls, but not a single score. So the game went into another extra period.

"Everything broke loose in this second trial for scoring. The fans were crazy, and both teams were bordering on insanity, too, I believe. Something had to happen.

"It did. Fort Wayne won, 30—26, and as the timer's finishing gun went off, the entire population of the city, it seemed, swarmed out upon that floor in a riot which gave some of our players a few hefty blows.

"It wasn't school spirit. It wasn't anything but the thrill of the game, and it brought about more action than any college game I have ever seen. No one knew just what he was doing. Everything was lost in the fever pitch of the battle."

Mr. Cooney writes entertainingly of the recent rapid rise of professional basket-ball. Up until a few years ago, he tells us, "the record of the professional game had very little to recommend it." As played by the paid performers the sport "hardly resembled the popular scholastic interpretation."

"It wasn't a matter of speed and brains," we read, "it was more a case of brute force, hard tactics, and all the dirty tricks you could put into it without arousing the antagonism of the officials or spectators—more likely that of the latter, for the officials were not too strict."

One case Mr. Cooney recalls clearly will give "an idea of how things stood when the game was at its worst." It may sound like an extreme case—but, we are assured, it happened. We read:

We were having a pretty hard game of it, with plenty of roughing, tricking, and everything else that passed in the game. It was part of the daily task, and we had to do our work well, or the other fellow would come out ahead.

Well, as was natural, a fight developed, and two of the players staged a word-battle that turned into a furious fist fight before we could step between them. Things were going pretty hot, so every one was carefully warned to cool down, before a riot was started.

We cooled off—but the fight wasn't over.

A hurried exit by both teams after the game averted a fan scramble, and we were just beginning to breathe easy down in our locker-room, when a man with a drawn gun rushed through the door.

He went directly to the player who had fought with the man on the other side; stuck the gun in his stomach, and demanded an apology for the language he used in the scrap.

As we stood, dumfounded, players from the other team rushed in and forced the man out of the room.

That man was the brother of the other player in the fight, and he was there to avenge the quarrel with a gun.

Yes, we had that kind of fan in those days.

PERHAPS the worst feature of the old game, in this player's opinion, "was the two-handed dribble, which permitted one man to hold the ball and rush his way down the entire floor, practically unstoppable." In explanation of this we read:

A hard dribbler could, in that way, rush through an entire defensive team, bowling over his opponents by various means—a favorite one being that of butting the opposition in the head.

In this particular case, the dribbler butted—but he didn't look carefully, and butted his own man, who had stept in the way. This man toppled backward from the ferocious charge, hit another player on his own team, and the three men fell together, knocked out by the hard impact. All three men of the same team!

Under such conditions, it was no wonder that the countless attempts at organized professional leagues ran into failure from lack of patronage. The professional game did not have the appeal of the fast, clean, collegiate game.

That lack in professional basket-ball was not met until five years ago, with the organization of the American Basket-ball League. That was "the dawn of professional basket-ball's new day," we are assured as we read on:

The organizers of the league planned to make it a success, and, realizing the faults of previous organizations, set about to remedy them in the new league.

So, instead of retaining the two-handed dribble and other rough aspects of the game, all of these were discarded in favor of the stricter scholastic rulings. The one-hand dribble was made official; the personal-foul rule, with the change of allowing five personals instead of four, was adopted, and the game generally patterned after the scholastic game.

That proved to be a step in the right direction. The new professional game found immediate response, both from the players and the public, and it has continued to progress in its appeal to the fans until it now rivals the scholastic game in popularity, and has every outlook of becoming even more liked.

After five years under the new plan, professional basket-ball is as definitely an American sport as baseball, or football. It has an organization just as complete as either of these sports, and is rapidly gaining popular favor to challenge the standing of the others.

NEXT the writer speaks of the players of professional basket-ball:

The professional game has so far drawn most of its players from the basket-ball "sand lots"—the high-school and prep-school stars who have continued their basket-ball playing with independent teams

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after graduation. These boys, called to the attention of managers or players in the professional circuit, have been picked up and given their chance.

There are a few college men on the league rosters, but they are still very much in the minority.

In my opinion, the last season produced two of the greatest "finds" that professional basket-ball has had for years. One of them is with our team, the Brooklyn Visitations, and turned in a season's performance that would do credit to a veteran.

This is young Francis "Red" Conaty, forward. Young Conaty had been playing for various professional and semiprofessional teams in this territory, always making a good showing. The season before he was engaged with the Lithuanian "Big Five."

We played his team in an exhibition contest, and his work was commendable enough to excite interest. So we followed him up; had him watched by one of our men whenever possible. The result was that we took him into our club—and we are glad we did.

The other outstanding rookie of the season is young Spindell. He is an example of what the professional game can expect in the future—the college player who turns to the pro game as a means of livelihood.

Spindell is the result of Nat Holman's training, on the City College of New York cage squad.

Fresh from his career as a college player, Spindell was taken by the Cleveland team and shifted to Toledo when the Cleveland franchise was moved to that city. He turned in a great year, and has all the promise of better years to come.

FINALLY Mr. Cooney comes back to some of his thrilling moments of play, and tells us of a game in which his team met a peppy, hard playing quintet from the city of Cleveland. Reading on in this account:

The game was to decide the first-half race.

We lost it, 17—15, only after the hardest battle of the season.

Our shots just couldn't find the basket, and at the end of the half, we were behind, 10—7. We worked like Trojans in the second half, and with only a minute to go, had the score 16—15, still in Cleveland's favor.

In the one remaining minute of play, there was more action than in any five-minute period in any game.

After three-quarters of a game of hard luck on all our shots, we determined to break the jinx and get the extra point to tie and then win.

Shot after shot was aimed for our basket, but none would stay, until the last one, thrown from an angle, hit the rim and started to roll around.

It looked as if it would drop—and then it rolled out.

Carl Husta, Cleveland guard, grabbed the ball.

With only a few seconds to go, one of our men ruined all chances for the game by fouling Husta.

Cleveland scored the extra point, getting the game, 17—15.

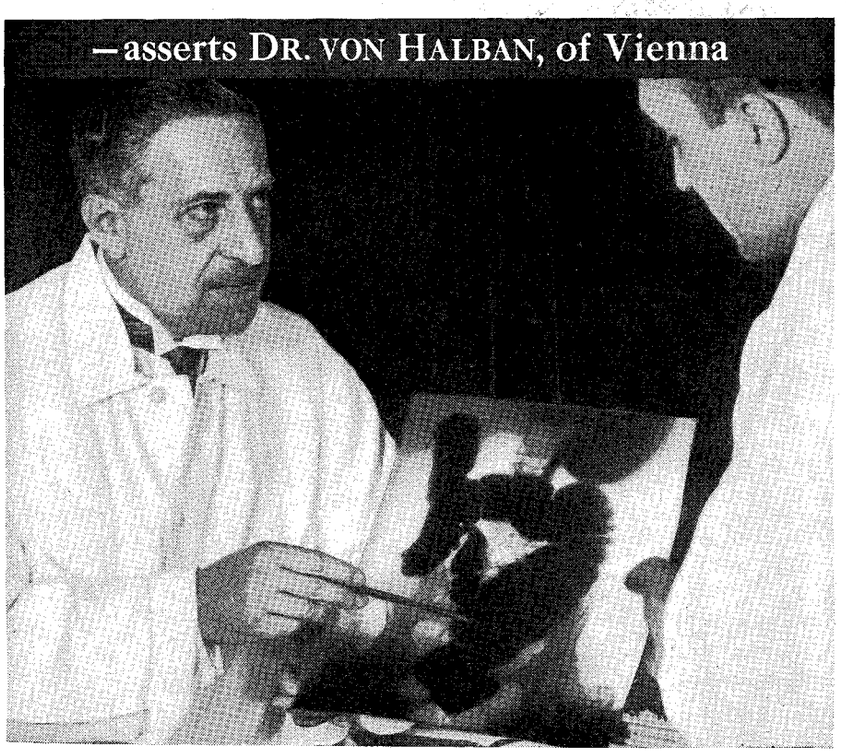
And if you still doubt the fierce, fast playing of the professional teams, look at the records set up by these men.

Fort Wayne and Paterson, in one game, required three extra periods to decide the winner.

Isn't that a sign of real hard playing, without any let-up?

"WOMEN ESPECIALLY *are subject to this Trouble"*

—asserts DR. VON HALBAN, of Vienna



Constipation is serious! **Dr. von Halban, famous authority on diseases of women, explains with X-rays how fresh yeast actually strengthens intestines.**

Subject to constipation? Troubled with irregular or incomplete elimination of bodily waste?

If so, listen . . .

"There is one region of the body which demands regular, daily care—which must be kept active and clean by natural means. *I refer to the intestines.*"

That statement is by one of Europe's leading authorities on diseases of women, Dr. Josef von Halban, of Vienna, author of medical works used in practically all medical schools. Dr. von Halban adds:—

"As a cure for constipation I recommend fresh yeast . . . Yeast restores the ability of the intestine to clear itself regularly . . . Poisons are prevented from forming and entering the blood."

Eaten regularly, three cakes a day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—Fleischmann's Yeast softens the excess waste material in your intestines. At the same time it actually strengthens the muscles that clean these wastes away.

Thus, elimination becomes normal again. Energy reappears. You catch cold less easily, tire less quickly. You digest your food better than before.

Try it! You can eat Fleischmann's Yeast just plain, or dissolved in water (a third of a glass). Why not add it to your regular diet—starting today?

"My system was sluggish and I had no vitality," *writes* Miss Thora Higgins, *of East Longmeadow, Mass.* "Fleischmann's Yeast brought back my strength and corrected the sluggishness. It cleared up my complexion beautifully, too."

Important

Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind doctors recommend! At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. (Rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D.)

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GET AFTER THAT COLD

JUST as soon as you feel yourself sneezing or sniffling, put a few drops of Vapex on your handkerchief or pillow and get after that cold.

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It costs only 1 cent an application. The $1 bottle contains 100 applications—enough to relieve many colds.

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A few drops on your handkerchief

VAPEX

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Breathe your cold away

Vapex—just before you turn in

A Home-made Cruiser in Korean Waters

A NAKED sailor "who looked like one of Captain Kidd's right-hand men" was chasing the crew of the *Black Duck* around a rock on the beach of Suop Island, off the coast of Korea.

Horace Underwood, owner of the craft, was "pretty sure the boys could take care of themselves and equally sure of good treatment in any Korean village under normal conditions, but with the place full of drunken sailors," he thought it best, he tells us in *Yachting*, "to stage a demonstration." He "grabbed the hardwood tiller handle from the *Black Duck* and sprinted down the beach."

"As I expected," he continues, "the man who had been chasing the boys saw me and made tracks. Also, as I expected, half the beach followed me. I made a pretended search for the culprit and then took my station on guard. With my back to the crowd, I proceeded to address the wild sea waves and the setting sun." Reading on in his story of a cruise in Far-Eastern waters in a boat of his own design:

This is a most valuable Oriental device by which it is possible to say the most abominable things about a man without giving him the opportunity to be insulted, as in direct discourse.

"Thirty and more years have I lived in this country, visiting all of the thirteen provinces and receiving uniformly courteous treatment from a people of ancient civilization, now to come to the Yellow Sea Province and the Island of Suop, and find it necessary to take a club to defend the lives of my innocent babes." (This last and some other portions may have stretched it a bit but the East is well acquainted with hyperbole.)

AND there was much more to the same effect, with the result that the sailors of the *Black Duck* were let alone.

Mr. Underwood, who tells the adventures of his twenty-two-foot auxiliary cruiser in two articles in *Yachting*, was justifiably careful of it.

When he wanted a motor-boat it was not possible for him to drop into an elegantly appointed show-room to make his choice, or to visit such an exhibit as the Motor-boat Show in New York. As he expresses it, "it is one thing to want a boat in Korea, and another to want it in America, even provided that your purse be the same size on either side of the ocean."

He had his choice of buying a knockdown boat and having it shipped to him from America, remodeling a native boat, or drawing his own plans and superintending the construction. He chose the last course.

The *Black Duck* was initiated with a cruise among the coastal islands of Korea, in the course of which it came to Suop. Here occurred the exciting chase down the beach, and the eloquent harangue to which we have already listened.

But this was neither the first nor the last adventure of the *Black Duck*. Going back to the beginning of the cruise, we read in *Yachting:*

After one false start and return for repairs to the centerboard box, we finally set sail on the morning of the Glorious Fourth.

At this season of the year the prevailing fair-weather winds are from the West, and as our course was due west for the first few miles and slightly north of west almost the entire way, we got out our motor almost as soon as we were clear of the shore.

She started with a couple of pulls and we were just congratulating ourselves on our carefree and rapid progress, when it became plain that the pump was on strike. After some futile attempts to get it to function, out came the sweep, and the mate was called on to pay for his honors. Six P. M. found us about twenty-eight miles down the river. Picking a spot where there seemed to be a quiet backwater, we dropt anchor and dinner was served.

By the time the crew was ready to turn in, the tide had gone away and left us sitting placidly on the mud. The cook and the captain sat up till midnight working on the recalcitrant pump and, finally, turned in feeling that they had it all fixt. About 2 A. M. the captain was awakened by the motion of the boat and by a rushing sound. While our anchorage had been quiet water with the ebb tide, the flood set strongly across from the opposite headland and was now going by at seven to eight knots. A big, white wave was standing up around the bow and we were surging back and forth in a way that threatened to strain the holding ability of any anchor. Every now and then clumps of seaweed or driftwood appeared out of the darkness only to disappear astern with a speed that was most alarming.

There was nothing to do but keep a lookout for any heavy pieces of driftwood that might find us in their way, and hope that the anchor and cable would hold. They did, and by the first streaks of dawn, about four, the current had greatly abated. At four-thirty we decided to try to round the next headland even before the tide turned.

We got out the motor, but alas for our hopes! It pumped not one drop more water than before receiving our attentions. However, we ran it long enough to kick ourselves around the point, and shortly after this the tide turned and the faintest of faint morning breezes sprang up. We set our sail and slipt gently down the river to the inspiriting smell of bacon and eggs and the aroma of coffee.

WHEN Mr. Underwood set about building the *Black Duck*, he realized that the finished product had to meet certain requirements of which he tells us:

My dream demanded something in which I could sleep and cook, and since the time when it first took form I have had to change the singular "I" for the plural "We." My wife likes to go along; I have three boys who absolutely refuse to be left behind, and a two-year-old who has already learned to say "Boat go" with great emphasis. I must therefore plan for a flat-bottomed centerboard boat into which, in some fashion or other, at least six could be packed, but which would not be too big for me to handle in either a financial or nautical sense.

I had no desire to make the boat into a sort of ark, so in order to provide for the specified number I planned a folding metal

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framework which fits into sockets screwed to the outside of the coaming. A waterproof canvas is stretched over the boom and over this frame, and buttons down with side-curtain buttons.

In the stern, the flaps come down outside the traveler and lace together. The whole thing can be put up or taken down in five minutes.

When at anchor in the daytime the side and stern flaps can be folded back so as to let the breeze through. It is also possible in a storm to slide back the cabin hatch and go "on deck" to attend to anything without inviting in all the surrounding weather. With this rig we can truthfully advertise *Black Duck* to sleep eight!

Being literally a flat-bottomed boat, the problem of headroom in the cabin might seem difficult. It was solved by the simple expedient of requiring the heads to be kept below a certain level! In actual fact, unless you are very tall you can sit on the cabin lockers without wearing a bald spot on the top of your head.

My crew made the assertion, with some vigor and feeling, that one must not only sleep but eat if any extended cruising is intended. The galley, therefore, provides drawers and lockers for staples and cooking utensils and dishes.

Above these, on one side, the space is lined with galvanized sheet iron to minimize the fire risk from the gasoline camp stove which we use for cooking. On the other side, it is lined all the way around for about four inches up, making a sink for dishwashing with a wastepipe in one corner. For dining-table, a folding table—relic of auto camping—was dragged out of its retirement. To correct its obsession for folding up suddenly on any and every occasion, holes were cut in the cabin floor for the legs. It will now stand as solidly as tho it had always had "sea-legs," yet can be folded and stowed away.

He Put the Give in Forgiveness

The Lord's Prayer does say: "And forgive us our debts," but first it says, "Give us this day our daily bread." Somewhere in between these extremes the average physician finds himself. But it remained for the Missouri doctor to show us how to forgive our debts and at the same time get our daily bread, or at least a crust of it. Here's how:

DOCTOR PUBLISHES
LIST OF DEBTORS

Cancels Some Bills and Deducts $10,000 From $36,000 Total

By The Associated Press

Marceline, Mo., Oct. 28—Dr. Ola Putman, Marceline surgeon, finds a puzzle in the attitude of clients toward his program for abatement of doctor bills.

A week ago Dr. Putman proposed to end a prolonged moratorium on debts of about $36,000 by canceling some bills and deducting $10,000 from the total owed by those who were prest, but could pay.

Dr. Putman started by forgiving seventy-five of his debtors publicly in the columns of the weekly Marceline *News*. He forgave each by name, mentioned the amount of the debt and announced that three more groups were to benefit, one each week.

"Out of all those seventy-five persons," the surgeon commented, "only one has thanked me. I see no reason why all of them shouldn't thank me, do you?"

Oh, yes, a few of the overdue accounts have been paid since the list was published, just a few.—*Wilmington Every Evening.*

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laxatives
are worse than
none at all!

Many people make a mistake of using *violent* laxatives. So they purge themselves one day—only to find they are more constipated than ever the next.

When trying to overcome the evils of constipation, it's wise to consider some of the things that your doctor knows about this important subject.

What doctors look for

A laxative, says the doctor, should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not rush the food through the stomach—disturbing the digestive processes.

It should be safe—and not be absorbed by the system.

It should be mild and gentle in action.

It should not irritate and overstimulate the intestines—weakening the natural functions.

It should not be habit-forming.

It should not gripe.

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Far Back in the Times of the Primitive Herdsman We Find the Origin of

PECUNIARY

In the days before money was created, a man's wealth was reckoned in flocks and herds. The Latin word *pecus* meant "cattle," and from that word came *pecunia* meaning "property in cattle." As civilization advanced and a man's wealth was represented by things other than cattle, the same word was used to designate his property. Then, when money was adopted as the measurement of wealth, the word *pecunia* took on the new meaning "money." From this came *pecuniarius*, "relating to or consisting of money," from which we have our word *pecuniary*, with the same meaning. There are thousands of such stories about the origins of English words in

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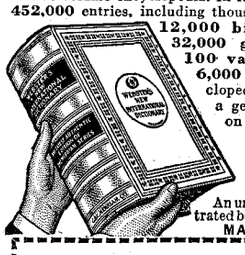

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Dark Side of Night Baseball

MINOR-LEAGUE ball players will do more sleeping at night this summer.

Or at least, it seems probable that they will not play so many ball games after dark.

Night games in 1932 "will be almost entirely a matter of local sentiment," writes John B. Foster for the Consolidated Press Association, and "the determination of owners as to whether the night games are worth while, according to a wide investigation made throughout the minor leagues."

The major leagues will not play night baseball, according to Mr. Foster, but then they have never dallied much with the notion of turning night into day. There are "only one or two club owners who have given the matter any thought."

It would be too much, perhaps, to say that the night game, which has attracted considerable attention during the past few seasons, and has frequently been discust in THE DIGEST, is losing its pull. But it does appear that those concerned are viewing the matter more critically.

Reading on in Mr. Foster's account:

The Pacific Coast League, which is located in the section of the United States best adapted for night baseball, is not nearly as enthusiastic for it as it was in the first year of its trial, in 1930.

The players assert that they can not do as well in night games as in day games. They were backward at first about expressing their opinion, but they are frank enough about it now. They complain about the shadows, and believe that pitchers with great speed have a better opportunity to be successful under artificial light than they have in the daytime.

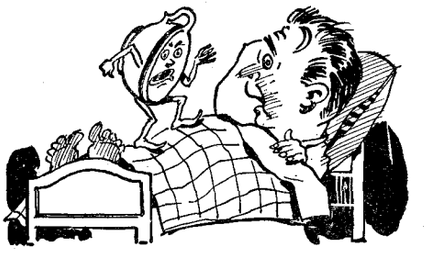
"Cap" Neal, of the Louisville Club, thinks night baseball should be treated more on a holiday basis than as a regular bill of fare.

Norman A. Perry, the wide-awake owner of the Indianapolis Club, believes the fans there like night baseball, and he is willing to give them all they want. "Of course, if I found it wasn't popular," he said, "I would go back to day baseball. It seems to me that it strikes Indianapolis right."

While Mr. Perry has no intention of deserting Indianapolis, he has been reported several times to be desirous of entering major-league baseball, by the purchase of either the Cincinnati Club or the New York Giants. There isn't a chance that the Giants will be sold while the owner of the team is in his present state of mind. Mr. Perry never will buy the Cincinnati Club at the price put on it by the interests that now hold the stock.

THE International League will make its night baseball in 1932 a "matter of local opinion. The Newark Club will not be strong for it, and it has proved a bloomer in Buffalo," says Mr. Foster, continuing:

It might be thought that the Southern Association would find night baseball an appeal to the teams in the warmer States, but most of the members of the Southern look upon night baseball as only a novelty. They say it is impossible to move their players into the better leagues if they play night baseball, as major clubs look askance upon records made in night games.



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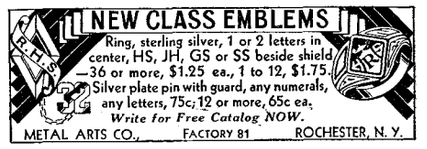

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The Hippo Hippodrome

"THE same show by the same cast night after night, and always a sell-out at the ticket kiosks."

That's wrestling, according to Joe Williams, who attempts, in *Judge*, to analyze the popularity of the matmen.

It is a question, he continues, "whether wrestling should be handled on the sports page, in the dramatic department, or firmly reserved for the strictly humorous publications."

The jury is still out, he continues, "and until the complete returns are in it will be impossible to say just how much of it is sport, how much is sheer theatricalism, and how much is coarse, putty-nosed slapstick." Reading on:

But whatever the ingredients, the spectacle has definitely caught the fancy of the mob. To-day wrestling is probably the most popular of the professional sports.

It is a curious social reaction, and I think well worthy of the attention of the upper-case psychologists. The element of genuine competition is very meager, if not wholly non-existent. There is seldom any important change in the personnel of the cast. And the dénouement is as unchanging as the hoof action of an equestrian bronze.

But the fans turn out in droves, we are told. "So what?" asks Mr. Williams, as he continues:

Possibly the answer is that Mr. Jim Londos and Mr. Strangler Lewis and their associates have developed tumbling and torture to the uppermost degree of artistry.

I know of no finer tribute to their arts than the fact that the First Lady of the Stage rarely misses a wrestling show. Drop into Madison Square Garden any wrestling night, and if Miss Ethel Barrymore is not otherwise professionally active, you will see her in one of the down-front pews giving the boys a very critical once-over.

I think it will be pretty generally acknowledged that the First Lady knows the theater and what it takes to make a theatrical enterprise a success. Nor does it seem reasonable that she would be attracted by the wrestlers unless their dramatic affectations were of the highest order. The incidental fact that the elder Barrymore was once a wrestler of sorts himself is beside the point.

THERE is "no finer actor in the Barrymore family than Mr. Londos, one of the many self-acclaimed champions of the business," we are assured as this entertaining account runs on:

You will travel a long mile before you see any pantomimist more deft or skilled in registering such primitive emotions as rage, travail, and stark misery. To sit through a Londos performance is to run the full gamut of human horrors.

Specific mention of Mr. Londos is made because he is the five-star special of the herd. But his technique is typical and widely plagiarized.

The old-timers tell you it is not wrestling, and of course they are right. How could it be? For one thing, the young men are compelled to devote so much attention to stagecraft and the perfection of rugged gutturals betokening extreme suffering that they can have little time left for scholarly mat study. Maybe the chief reason wrestling is popular is that it is not wrestling.

The wrestlers do not seem to care what you call them as long as you call them when the hasenpfeffer and the noodles are on the table. For the most part the newspapers accept them as harmless hippodromers committing no great crime against the verities, and presenting a boisterous form of moderate-priced amusement.

How little the wrestlers seem to resent criticism is illustrated by an amusing and somewhat ironic anecdote related by Mr. Williams. It seems that "a year or so ago a Boston newspaper raised its editorial voice high in denunciation of wrestling's scarlet sins." And it was particularly severe on the conduct of one well-known wrestler who is something of a fixture in Boston, having made that city "his professional home." This wrestler had just won a championship in a bout with another celebrated matman. Now it was revealed that he "had gone on tour and wrestled the same opponent in five cities under as many different aliases. Material evidence of a convincing nature was offered to confirm the heinous imposture," and the wrestler in question "was presented to the public as a very evil person and his complete social ostracism was fervently urged.

"The exposé created such a terrific moral impression that the Boston promoters," according to Mr. Williams, promptly rematched the members of this touring attraction.

"The public, still reeking with indignation at the disclosures, stormed the arena gates in such numbers that all attendance records for wrestling in New England were broken.

"Since then the promoters and the wrestlers have been going around trying to persuade other high-minded editors to expose them."

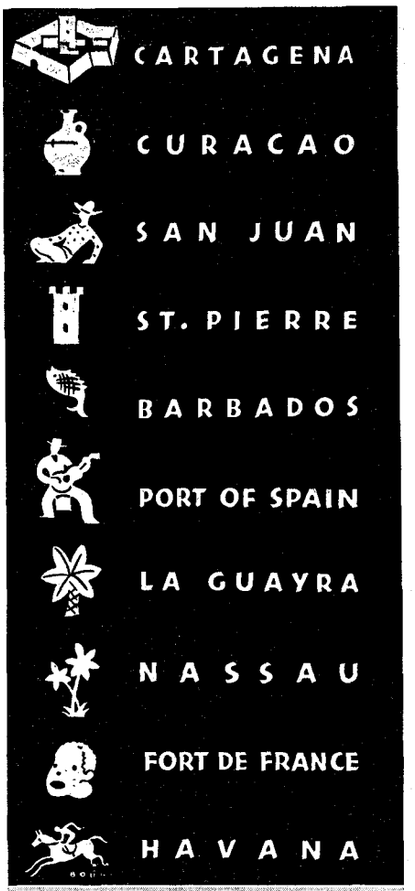
BEHIND this sport, it is obvious, there must be a controlling personality. And now with a flourish Mr. Williams presents the master mind of the mat:

The gentleman largely responsible for the renaissance of metropolitan wrestling is Mr. Jack Curley, who, man and boy scout, has been importing large hunks of specialized beef for more years than he chooses to admit.

Even Mr. Curley refuses to accept the present pattern as wrestling in the true sense—conceding that there is any sense to any phase of it. "Still it is an improvement over the old formula," adds Mr. Curley. "Particularly at the box-office."

One of these days, incidentally, somebody will write the life story of Mr. Curley and it will make exciting reading. He has promoted everything from a flea circus to a Broadway funeral, adhering rigidly to the union scale with respect to fees and splits.

Mr. Curley is a large, plumpish person with a moon face and gray hair, and he speaks with a mixed-grill accent, referring to mother as "mudder" and Bill Tilden (whom he manages) as "Bill Tilton." To look at him, you would never suspect that he introduced the one-piece bathing-suit in America, even by proxy—which he did.



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What It Takes to Win Games

LUCK, skill, strength, strategy.

Which do you need to win at sport?

It all depends on the game, we learn from the results of the Associated Press's recent poll of sports writers.

Strategy if it's football. Strength and skill if it's rowing. Luck and skill if it's golf.

On the question of luck and skill on the links, the poll reveals the sports writers as a house divided, we read in the report of the voting in the New York *Herald Tribune*. Otherwise "there is substantial agreement that rowing requires the most strength or stamina and that football calls for the most strategy." The experts had previously voted "that baseball was the nation's most popular sport, with football second and golf third. The ballot was taken among sports writers and editors." Reading on:

Here on the results of the national poll, showing the first five sports in each category, the number of votes for each, also the approximate percentage of the element involved, as figured by those who gave detailed answers:

SPORT REQUIRING MOST SKILL

	Votes	Per Cent.
Golf	24	80
Baseball	19	70
Tennis	17	68
Billiards	10	83
Boxing	8	60

SPORT REQUIRING MOST STRENGTH AND SKILL

Rowing	27	76
Wrestling	18	63
Boxing	14	45
Football	12	40
Basket-ball	4	50
Marathon and distance running	4	82

SPORT REQUIRING MOST STRATEGY

Football	57	44
Baseball	14	36
Boxing	4	25
Tennis	4	45
Chess	2	100

SPORT INVOLVING MOST LUCK

Golf	34	30
Baseball	15	40
Horse-racing	12	80
Basket-ball	7	30
Football	7	40

Obviously, golf has more than it can handle, on the basis of 80 per cent. skill and 20 per cent. luck. So far as this phase of the poll is concerned, the views of sports editors and writers are too divergent to be reconciled.

FOR example, an Iowa editor writes, as quoted in the report:

"Golf, requiring, as it does, perfect timing, coordination between mind and muscle, and absolute concentration on the play at hand, does, in my opinion, require the greatest amount of skill." But, counters a Chicago duffer: "Golf requires more luck, because no one can putt consistently from any great distance."

Where the element of skill is concerned, polo, ice hockey, skiing, and fencing all have their adherents. As to the case for baseball, See Taylor, of Des Moines, comments:

"Most coaches, even the football men, agree that a star baseball player probably would make good at any form of sports. He must have speed of foot and eye, be agile in every muscle, have a strong throwing arm, be rugged and strong physically, to stand up under the daily play, and be a quick thinker. Polo would rank high, but a man might be a great polo player and not be able to run 100 yards in thirteen seconds. Golf requires great skill, but not skill generally required of an athlete."

The vote for rowing, as the sport requiring most stamina, is based on the belief it takes plenty of muscle to go the four-mile route. Two experts go so far as to say rowing is 100 per cent. stamina, but coaches who devote a lifetime to their "system" will hardly agree. Weight-lifting and the 440-yard run are mentioned in the stamina group.

Baseball is the only sport to give football any argument, so far as the factor of strategy is concerned, but it is surprizing to find golf picked as the luckiest. The percentage of luck is considered much higher in horse-racing by those naming the turf sport. In the Pacific Northwest they consider fishing the luckiest pastime.

Snap-shots of Jack Dempsey's Comeback Drive

BIG and strong and dumb is the way Leonard Sachs wants 'em to meet Jack Dempsey in his exhibition fights.

Nevertheless, tankers and stumblebums need not apply. They're no use in getting a fighter in shape.

Dempsey has been touring the Northwest and appearing in a series of highly profitable exhibition matches, regarding which there are two opinions. One is that Jack is preparing for a bona fide ring comeback. The other that it is just so much dollar-catching ballyhoo.

Now Dempsey "is in great shape, will be in better shape, will fight before the summer is out, and can lick any man in the world."

That is the opinion of Leonard Sachs, Dempsey's business manager. Joe Vila, who quotes it in his column in the New York *Sun*, does not ask us to subscribe to it. Sachs, he suggests, may be "a trifle overenthusiastic, not to say biased." Nevertheless, Mr. Vila is apparently sufficiently imprest to devote an entire column to the Dempsey comeback, and he gives what seems to be a very moderate and factual picture of the ex-champion's recent tour, a picture which must surely be of interest to the large number of Dempsey fans.

The ex-champion's "recent tour through the Northwest and his impending tour through the East constitute one of the most amazing chapters in the history of pugilism," Mr. Vila tells us as he continues:

Here is a man who is thirty-six years old and hasn't fought a worthy opponent since 1927, when he was outpointed by Gene Tunney in Chicago. A couple of years ago he rapidly was becoming no more than a memory. Yet in big towns

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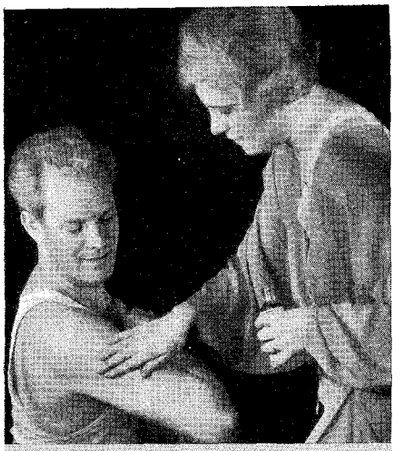

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and small around the country crowds are clamoring for a sight of him fighting third, fourth and fifth raters with eight-ounce gloves.

Moving through the Northwest, he appeared in thirty-four towns, met 102 opponents and drew nearly a half million dollars at the gate—the precise receipts being $477,871.

SACHS, "who has gone back to Chicago after four days in New York, received while there nearly 300 long-distance calls from promoters in the East who are eager to book the former champion," we are told as we read on in Mr. Vila's account of the ex-champ's activities:

"No wonder the promoters are crazy to get him," commented Sachs. "Take a fellow running a fight club in a small town. His average gate receipts are from $1,500 to $2,500. Say he takes in $2,500. By the time he gets through paying off the fighters and taking care of his other expenses, he's lucky if he clears $400 for himself.

"Then Dempsey barges in and the receipts go to $10,000. We take 50 per cent. of that, which means that the promoter has $5,000 out of which to pay the balance of his expenses. With Dempsey on his card, he has to pay practically nothing to the rest of it and his profit is close to $4,000.

"At the outset of the tour sixteen-ounce gloves were used in all his bouts, and I'll be candid with you and admit that the provision was made quite as much for Dempsey's protection as it was for that protection of the other guy. True, he was meeting palookas, but even a palooka can knock you out if he hits you on the chin, and we were taking no chances on anything like that happening until Jack was in shape. Later the weight of the gloves was reduced to twelve ounces and now he's using gloves weighing eight ounces.

"The way we work it is this: We agree to meet any four men for one round each or any two men for two rounds each that the promoter selects. That doesn't mean he could put Sharkey and Walker in there, ior instance. It only means that we're not carrying our own opponents around with us. In the first place, the promoters couldn't hire any of the first-rate men because they couldn't afford to pay them what they'd demand, and, in the second place, the names of the prospective opponents have to be submitted to me for approval ten days in advance and if I don't approve of them, they're out. I'm not very exacting, at that. I just want 'em big, strong, and dumb."

Knitting Up Some Loose Ends of Automobile Prices

AS a sequel to our comprehensive article, "What the Automobile Manufacturers Offer You," in THE DIGEST of January 23, we now supply some revised facts and figures.

The final paragraph of the Buick specifications, on page 38, should read as follows:

"The new models are priced from $935 for a coupé on 114" wheelbase, to $2,055 for a special 7-passenger limousine on 134" wheelbase."

The paragraph referring to prices of the Rockne, on page 40, should read as follows:

"Prices vary from $585 for the model 65 two-passenger coupé, to $795 for the convertible sedan, model 75."

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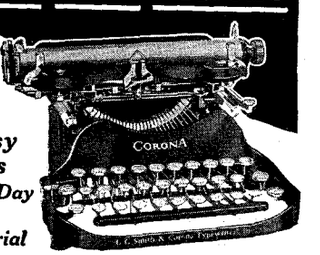

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Bonds on the Bargain Counter

LOOK AT IT ANY WAY YOU LIKE—bonds are cheap. In the panic of '93, a time of wide-spread railroad insolvency, the average decline in leading bond issues was fifteen points. In the deflation of 1920 the drop was sixteen and three-quarter points, but the 1931 decline was twenty-six points, as the New York *Times* reminds us.

Putting it on a yield basis, a writer in the New York *Evening Post* points out that at the December low prices, yields on 120 listed domestic bonds, according to Moody's, were around 8 per cent. A comparable yield in 1921 was 7 per cent., and as Mr. George W. Bolton goes on to say, to find a precedent for recent yields "one must thumb the records as far back as 1878."

The bond-market decline in December was the most continuous on record, says another authority, Mr. George T. Hughes of the Consolidated Press: "In normal times quotations for bonds move by fractions; in December, 1931, they moved by points, two, three, four, and five points between sales, sometimes more."

But last month there was considerable recovery due to reinvestment demand and the lifting of the selling pressure. This *The Business Week* considers a technical rally. It observes:

Selling pressure has been lifted by the slowing of bank runs, by the operation of the National Credit Corporation, and by the prospective work of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and such State relief institutions as are being considered by New York and Massachusetts.

The next test of these institutions is whether they cause an actual improvement in business and credit, which would bring bond buying.

BEFORE considering the future of the bond market, it might be well to quote briefly one or two characterizations of the 1931 bond market, as an understanding of the present illness of the market helps to intelligent understanding of the how and when of recovery. For instance, in considering the 1931 drop the New York *Times* tries to give a brief answer to the question, "What was the cause?"

It may be ascribed to expectation of railway insolvency, inspired by very low earnings.

But the extraordinary fact was that bonds of the strongest railways, for which no one imagined insolvency as possible, were driven down to prices yielding 8 to 10 per cent. Some further explanation seemed necessary.

There were other explanations; most of them went to prove that unusual circumstances had compelled abnormally heavy selling of bonds in 1931, and had done so while the public's normal purchasing power was absent.

These forced sales came from banks which, threatened with a run, threw over their bond investments to raise cash; from trustees who sold because the bonds no longer met the rigid "savings-bank requirements"; from foreign markets which were trying to get gold. In the face of this abnormal selling, pursued without regard to intrinsic values, savings-bank purchases had to cease with bonds of companies whose earnings fell below the bank law's requirement.

Investment of the year's $1,300,000,000 life insurance company receipts was faced by the fact that nearly one-third of that amount had to be used for loans to hard-prest policy holders. Private investors, as a rule, either had no investment surplus or were too much frightened to buy.

But what should be the sequel in 1932?

Most of these bonds are worth intrinsically just as much as they were a year ago; possibly, many influences which created the abnormally low prices of 1931 will gradually wear away.

"DURING 1931 the bond market had to contend with more adverse influences than it has faced in any year since the conclusion of the World War," writes C. W. Sills, vice-president of Halsey, Stuart & Company, in a review of the bond market. It is hardly necessary now to retell the depressing story we know so well. It is probably more to the point to notice how this writer tries to answer the question: "How should the investor regard present conditions?" Of course, nobody knows whether the immediate trend of bond prices is going to be down or up, but after all, we are reminded, from the investor's point of view this is not vitally important:

Investment is concerned less with profit than with sound security and income at a fixt rate, regularly paid; it is concerned less with hopes of the future than with the realities of the present.

And then these five propositions are offered for the consideration of the serious-minded investor:

a. That the bond market at present offers many opportunities for the investor to secure extraordinarily high rates of income;

b. That in the past history of the bond market such opportunities have recurred only at relatively long intervals;

c. That the most acute stages of bond-market depression have not usually been of long duration;

d. That there has never been a severe general depression in the past history of the country when a great many people did not suspect that the world was on the threshold of disintegration;

e. That only an infinitesimal percentage of those who in the past have sought to buy at the bottom have accomplished their purpose—for rarely indeed has the turning point of any price movement been definitely recognized before it already lay some distance behind us.

And this writer concludes:

Just as investors were fond of looking back a few years ago upon the investment opportunities of 1921, so they are virtually certain sooner or later to look back upon those of the present period. It is impossible to say how long these opportunities will last—or whether they will become greater before they again disappear. But we know that to-day they exist, and that the investor can make sure of them by taking advantage of them now.

IT is a far from simple situation that confronts the bond buyer to-day, George T. Hughes tells us in one of his Consolidated Press dispatches on investments:

In the first place, the depression which has brought about the liquidation is world-wide. It is impossible to say from what source new selling of the forced variety may still come.

In the second place, the United States, admittedly the strongest Government financially in all the world, has an unbalanced budget and must increase its taxes and cut its expenditures. Even then, according to the present program, income will not equal outgo by a wide margin and additional borrowing will have to be resorted to. That means more government bonds and in any market when you increase the supply you affect unfavorably the price.

The other side of the story is that every free market discounts everything it can foresee. If it is taken unawares by a development on the outside, there may be a sudden and sharp decline, but if the development is a logical result of conditions that all know exist the chances are that the price decline will have anticipated the news.

In all probability quotations for fixt interest-bearing securities at the year end had so discounted everything likely to happen of an unfavorable character.

In looking about for profitable commitments the maxim to keep in mind is that recovery, that is, permanent recovery, always comes first in the highest grade of obligations. These offer the prospect of reasonable profits and a high degree of safety.

Temporarily, however, on any rebound the widest advance is scored by speculative issues, but they should only be taken by those in close touch with the market and by those possest of the trading instinct. It is hardly necessary to add that purchases should be for cash. The risks are too large for the employment of borrowed money.

BUT, insists Mr. Hughes—

If we grant that the present social order is to be maintained, that the dollar has an unquestionable stability, and that American industry will eventually shake off the depression, the investment bargains in bonds are never likely to be seen again by this generation.

Many market authorities, so the Cambridge Associates of

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Boston report, believe that reviving business will be reflected first in the tone of the bond market, the idea being that "confidence in the credit of business is necessary before any confidence in earning power can be in order." From this point of view the rise in bond prices from the December low must be taken as "something of a prophecy of good times ahead."

While much of the worst is behind us, nevertheless, writes George W. Bolton in the New York *Evening Post*, expressing the point of view of the most cautious observers, "the crystal is not clear":

Potential causes of further liquidation still overhang the market.

Recovery may be delayed by bad news in the way of earnings and defaults. The temper of the people is still cautious. Reparations and war debts are a pall over the world. Further shocks to a debilitated economic system might deluge the bond market with continued liquidation.

Two Bear-Market Investment Plans

THERE are two ways of profiting by buying securities in a bear market.

One, writes George T. Hughes, in one of his dispatches for the Consolidated Press, is to buy for income, and the other is to buy for capital appreciation. Both courses do, indeed, involve risk to offset the possibilities of profit. Mr. Hughes is inclined to think that the choice between the two plans is apt to depend on the investors' temperament. As he writes:

To buy for income involves selecting securities, bonds or stocks which sell on a high-yield basis. The market is besprinkled with what looks like attractive opportunities along this line.

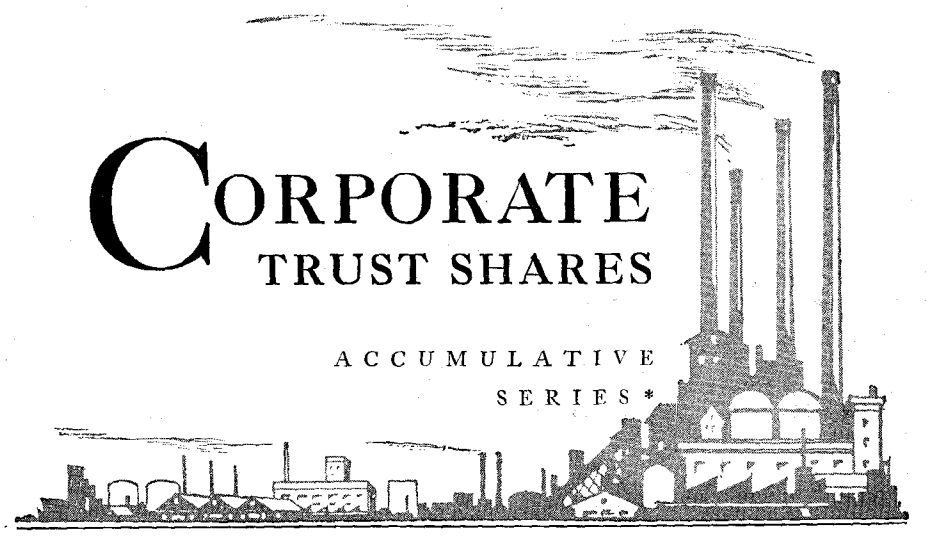
It is probably true that not in many years has it been possible to obtain so great a return from a properly diversified list as it is at present. The danger is that the high yield foreshadows a reduction or an omission of the dividend if it is a stock, or the inability to meet fixt charges if it is a bond.

It is very hard to distinguish between securities which are deprest in market price sympathetically with other securities and those in which the decline is a legitimate reflection of the difficulties of the situation. Investors who choose this course will look to the preferred stocks, many of which are selling at record lows, and, perhaps, they will even look to foreign bonds. Certainly they will make commitments in domestic bonds.

The other course, to buy for capital appreciation, means the accumulation of common stocks regardless of dividend rates. It involves a proportion of non-dividend paying shares. The intent here is to choose stocks representative of essential industries and leaders in their respective fields.

The theory is that eventually these stocks must recover, and that then the account will show a large profit. Meanwhile it is a matter of relative indifference to the buyer whether he receives a return on his money or not.

If successful the second plan is pretty sure to be the more profitable. The difficulty is in making the selections.



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French De Luxe Trade Feels the Pinch

FRANCE, WHICH HAS LONG BEEN relatively unaffected by the world-wide depression, is now beginning to feel the pinch, particularly in those *de luxe* trades for which France is so justly famed.

During the past winter hotels, restaurants, casinos, the "*haute couture*" of Paris, have been sadly affected by diminished business.

Last year's summer-resort business was bad all through France, and this has been the most distressing winter season Paris has known since war days, writes a *Wall Street Journal* correspondent in the French capital. It was lucky, he continues, that the Colonial Exposition came in such a year, "for during the six months' life of this international fair—namely from early May through the middle of November—hotels were packed and the restaurants filled, excepting the hotels *de luxe* and the restaurants *a haut prix*."

It seems to this writer that the depression has somehow reduced the average person's expenditures in Paris by what may be termed "one social class":

> Thus the hotels *de luxe*, filled to overflowing in 1928 and 1929, are to-day struggling to keep running, often with a mere handful of clients—the latter frequently outnumbered by the hotel clerical and servant staff.
>
> On the other hand, the middle-class hotels, while losing customers to the lower rank of lodging houses, have gained a large portion of the clientele previously registered in the high-priced hostelries. Competition among the latter for what trade still remains has of course become most keen, tho little in the way of price-cutting has yet taken place.

THROUGHOUT France hotels report a 1931 season running 25 or 30 per cent. below 1930. In particular, English channel resorts, on account of the English depression, did a business of about 50 per cent. below a 1930 season that was not quite up to standard. Of course, it is an ill-wind that blows no good, and some tourist sections of France have taken business from others—

> Extraordinary rains, fog, and cloudiness during the greater part of 1930 and up to late summer of 1931 for the regions of Paris and all central and north France caused a veritable tourist migration southward in recent months, resulting in a profitable season for the sunny Cote d'Azur as well as the Pyrenees and most of the Midi.
>
> Nice, in the past two years, has developed a summer season to complement her always successful winter season.
>
> Juan-les-Pins enjoys a building boom, which latter is quite necessary to accommodate the ever rising devotees of her unique half-moon beach and rollicking pajama and casino life.
>
> Monte Carlo, while taking less profits from the famous casino due to the reduced size of the average visitor's play, boasts of record tourist crowds, particularly since the opening of "Monte Carlo Palm Beach"—something of a miniature copy of the Florida resort.
>
> Cannes reported 12,450 visitors in August, of whom 7,229 were Frenchmen. This record figure compares with 8,965 visitors for the same month in 1930 and only 5,195 in 1929.
>
> Seven of the major French casinos—Dieppe, Biarritz, Le Tourquet, Deauville, Aix-les-Bains, Nice, and Cannes—gained frs. 10,000,000 net profits in 1928, lost 500,000 in 1929 and 11,000,000 in 1930. Considerably larger losses must be sustained for the current year's operations despite a reduction in the crushing tax burden shouldered by all gambling resorts.
>
> Taxes on gaming receipts mounted up from 15 per cent. ruling before the war to 65 per cent. at the beginning of 1931, and the government income from this source amounted to frs. 165,000,000 last year. Casino managements have been reminding the Government of the old fable of the killing of the goose that laid the golden eggs.

Things are said to be so bad in Paris that "the *de luxe* restaurants, long noted for serving a élite with repasts capable of pleasing the tastes of the most exacting gourmets, have begun a most unbecoming fight for 'trade'":

> Thus one may see paper streamers across the window fronts of Delmonico, on the Avenue de l'Opera, advertising dinners at 25 francs. [$1.] Tourist agencies in Paris, so numerous and prosperous just three and four years ago, are now thinned out to a handful of long-established concerns.

Finally, "in the *haute couture*, representing the world's top notch in women's finery, things have been going from bad to worse since the late 1929." The writer of this dispatch learned from the leading authority on this industry that the business is now only a third of what it was a year ago, and even then it was inferior to the boom level of 1928–1929. Some of the leading houses are in the hands of the banks. Many of the small ones have gone out of business. The survivors have strong reserves, but have been cutting down prices on the one hand and salaries and wages on the other.

Europe's Low Real Wages

EUROPEAN WORKERS do not find their low wages balanced by low living costs.

In other words, a recent investigation shows that "low wages do not mean low costs, but do bring low standards of living." So remarks *The Business Week* in calling attention to the report on comparative living costs in Detroit and fourteen European cities, just completed by the International Labor Office.

The study, it will be remembered, was started in response to inquiries from the Ford organization in Europe, to see how living standards and wages of Ford's European employees compared with those of Detroit workers. Other organizations aided. Detroit wages are based on 1932 rates, including recent reductions, and the European studies are based on the date, January, 1931. As we read in *The Business Week:*

> Cost of living in Europe is surprizingly high in view of the low wages paid.
>
> Compared with Detroit, taken as 100 for both wages and living costs, the average cost of living in the fourteen cities is about 79, while the average of real wages—purchasing power of actual wages received—is but 62.
>
> In each of the cities except Stockholm (104 per cent.), living costs were below those of Detroit, ranging down to 58 per cent. in Barcelona.
>
> In every city real wages were below the Detroit level. And the difference in real wages was greater than the difference in living costs.
>
> Despite its low living costs, Barcelona pays the lowest real wages—40 per cent. of Detroit's. Rotterdam is highest of the fourteen at 81 per cent.; other real-wage indexes, on the Detroit base, are: Berlin, 58; Copenhagen, 79; Stockholm, 65; Helsingfors, 63; Paris, 60; Marseilles, 53; Antwerp, 59; Warsaw, 63.

ATTENTION is called to the great difference between Detroit and European living habits:

> In current living standards the discrepancy between Detroit and the foreign cities is even greater than appears here because the average Detroit workman spends more than his income, saves nothing; while European workers save substantial portions voluntarily or in State insurance and pension plans.
>
> Other differences in living habits between Detroit and European workmen made direct comparisons very hard, detract from the authenticity of the quantitative results of the study. The Detroiter finds modern mechanical and electrical conveniences necessary to his welfare; a considerable portion of his income goes for automobiles, radios, modern housing, bathrooms, and similar items. The European is chiefly interested in food, spends 40 per cent. of his income on it—including drinks; spends virtually nothing on modern gadgets, saves much.

The most interesting aspect of this inquiry to the New York *Journal of Commerce* is "the implied theory of wage fixation that underlies this endeavor to compare living costs of workers in different countries with a view to adjusting nominal wage payments in accordance with the findings."

The average employer, this paper thinks, no matter where located, simply pays the going rate for labor in his locality. An individual employer may, of course, hand over some of his profits to his employees in bonuses or unnecessarily high wages. But "that is his own affair." And *The Journal of Commerce* thinks that—

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Even if an inquiry into international living costs yielded results that were absolutely accurate, it would by no means follow that the information would affect the wage payments made by employers who find it hard to cover costs and obtain ordinary business profits on the basis of existing wage scales.

As a matter of fact, the results of the inquiry into living costs had become past history before they could be published because of rapid price declines. Moreover, the optimistic belief that wages can be fixt with reference to predetermined or external standards is an article of faith which very few employers can afford to profess in these hard times.

It would be interesting to know whether the Ford factories in Europe will revise their wage schedules as a result of the findings of the International Labor Office.

The Exchange Hounds on the Move

THEY say it is a ill wind that blows no good.

And so there are beneficiaries of currency collapses.

"Exchange hounds," Bruno Lessing calls them in one of his Paris letters to the New York *American*. And now, with Britain off the gold standard, they are drifting toward England.

"Exchange hounds," we are told, are the people who live on slender incomes derived from America, England, Germany, of wherever they happen to come from. The point is that "in order to get the most out of their incomes they settle down in countries where, owing to monetary conditions, the exchange is in their favor—they follow exchange just as wealthy invalids follow the sun." And we read on:

After the war they enjoyed their golden era.

When the franc tumbled from 20 cents to 2 cents, they came to France. When they found they could get half a million marks for a dollar, they went to Germany. For a while, when they gave you a shovelful of crowns for 50 cents, they reveled in Austria.

As the currency of those various countries became stabilized, these exchange hounds fell upon evil days. When they bought a dollar's worth, they had to pay a dollar. Which is a violation of the exchange hound's code.

The advance guard of this little army is passing through Paris on the way to England. The fall of the pound attracts them as a buzzard, peering down from the ether, is attracted by distant carrion.

For a while they will get more pounds for their dollars, marks, or francs than they could ever have got before. When the pound is stabilized and prices become normal, they will move somewhere else.

It is a laughable spectacle, but also a pathetic one. Some of these people are old, and have barely enough to live on. A difference in exchange means the difference between comfort and stinting. Some, of course, are merely stingy.

But you can not help thinking. Proud England! The latest feeding ground for these vultures. How have the mighty fallen!

Fellow Citizens: Don't let the dollar sink or you'll have this bunch in America.

Selling Against the Box

WHEN is short selling not short selling?

This puzzling question came up in the talk about regulating or prohibiting "short" sales on the New York Stock Exchange.

The answer seems to be: when it is "selling against the box."

Only during the last year, we read, has this term come into common usage in Wall Street. It "represents liquidation where securities are not actually delivered at the time of sale."

"As a rule," adds the New York *Evening Post* in a further explanation of this transaction, "such selling comes from investors who normally hold large amounts of stocks and bonds outright in strong boxes, and who might feel embarrassed by delivering securities indorsed for transfer"—

To a certain extent such liquidation is similar to short selling, in that most sales against the box are of a nature that would suggest replacement of the securities sold at favorable opportunities.

If, for example, an official of a company owns a controlling interest in his concern, and through speculative operations the market price of the stock is pushed up to a figure which he believes unjustified by earnings or prospects, he may attempt to depress the price by selling.

He does not, however, need to deliver the stock which he owns to cover such sales, since to do so would show passing of control of his concern. Instead he borrows the stock, just as a short seller does, until the price has been reduced, when he purchases sufficient shares to cover his sales.

Officials of the Exchange pointed out that unless the broker handling this transaction is informed by his client, or is in a position to know that such short sales are backed by the customer's actual possession of stock, there is no way in which selling against the box can be distinguished from short selling.

FIGURES published by the New York Stock Exchange to show that short selling accounted for less than 5 per cent. of the trading between May 25 and November 30, 1931, fail to present a complete picture of short selling, says *The Evening Post*, "because they do not include in that class transactions known as 'selling against the box'. Officials of the Exchange said that the list of short sales did not include known cases of 'selling against the box' because this practise is not technically considered short selling, tho its effect on the market is virtually the same as that of genuine short selling."

"If the net of a Congressional investigation of short selling is spread," remarks the New York *Herald Tribune*, with these facts in mind, "some strange bears will be disclosed, in the opinion of brokers who have studied the lists of their customers"—

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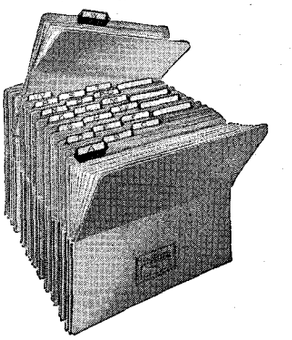

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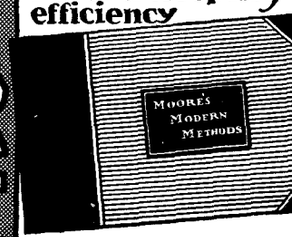

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Triple Threat. — That Spanish boy, born with six arms, ought to become the champion roadside parker.—*Buffalo News.*

Misogyny O.K.—"Women don't interest me. I prefer the company of my fellow men."

"I'm broke too, brother."—*Pointer.*

Not Stone Blind.—SHE—"You got fooled on this diamond ring."

HE—"I guess not. I know my onions."

SHE—"Maybe—but not your carats."—*Boston Transcript.*

Captain on the Bridge.—LAWYER—"Was your car under complete control at the time?"

DEFENDANT.—"Yes, my wife was sitting in the rear seat."—*Answers.*

Greased Pig. — "Dad, what is influence?"

"Influence, my son, is a thing you think you have until you try to use it."—*Der Wahre Jakob (Berlin).*

Voyage of Discovery.—"Can you operate a typewriter?"

"Yes, sir, I use the Biblical system."

"I never heard of it."

"Seek and ye shall find."—*Widow.*

Put a Collar on Him.—HUSBAND—"Now that I've lost everything in Wall Street, do you mind being poor, dear?"

WIFE—"Not at all. Everybody thinks the wolf at our door is our police dog."—*Border Cities Star.*

Plaguing Pharaoh by the Seine.—GUIDE IN LOUVRE—"This Egyptian mummy is above 5,000 years old. It is possible that Moses saw it."

TOURIST—"But was Moses ever in Paris?"—*Wall Street Journal.*

Tweet! Tweet!—MRS. GREENE (at her first football game)—"Oh, isn't it awful? Why, they will kill that poor boy underneath."

DAUGHTER—"Don't be silly, mother! He doesn't mind it; he's unconscious by this time."—*Boston Transcript.*

Smoothing Down the Minister.—The minister called on Mrs. MacShoddie.

"By the way," he remarked after a while, "I was sorry to see your husband leave the church last Sunday right in the middle of my sermon. I trust nothing was seriously the matter with him?"

"Oh, no, sir," replied Mrs. MacShoddie. "It was nothing very serious; but, you see, the poor man does have a terrible habit of walkin' in his sleep."—*Apple Sauce Chronicle.*

Might Curry the Goat.—Our idea of a soft job is being valet to Mahatma Gandhi.—*Owl.*

Listens in to Herself.—"Is your wife fond of listening in?"

"Not half so much as she is of speaking out."—*Jester.*

Like Cures Like.—DINER (to waiter with black eye)—"Why don't you apply a piece of steak to it?"

WAITER—"It was a lump o' steak the gentleman threw at me."—*Punch.*

Permanent Enlightenment.—

Now living on the other shore
Is Michael John O'Blank:
He'll use a lighted match no more
To look into a tank.

—*Louisville Times.*

Theater Attendant: "'Ilda, show this gentleman the way to 'L.'"
—"London Opinion."

Friend of Man.—FIRST TRAMP—"What would you do if you won the first prize in the big Sweep?"

SECOND TRAMP—"I'd have the blinkin' park benches upholstered."—*Dublin Opinion.*

Lady Stalin in Command.—MISTRESS—"You will cut and roll the lawn, weed the gravel path, pot some chrysanthemums, plant all those rose-bushes, clean out the greenhouse, and see to the heating apparatus, and—"

NEW GARDENER—"Excuse me, madam, but is this a day's work or a five-year plan?"—*Answers.*

Almost Genuine Pre-Armistice. — Here's a story I have heard which concerns M. Mumm, of just those Mumms you would suspect. On a recent visit, the tale relates, M. Mumm dined with friends at a Park Avenue restaurant. The proprietor was obsequious. Would M. Mumm, he wondered, care for champagne? He had a special treat. Some of M. Mumm's own 1915, in fact.

"An excellent wine," observed M. Mumm, after making the connoisseur's tests. "Truly an excellent champagne—but 1915 was the year when I didn't make any."—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Slightly Spoiled.—For Sale—Capones, Roasters and springers. Special prices.—*Madison (Ind.) Courier.*

Extinguished Ducks Silent.—
EXTINGUISHED MEN
ENJOY DUCK HUNT
—*Conway (S. C.) paper.*

Letting in the Light.—
Lawrence Tibbett
Married to Window
—*Wichita Falls (Tex.) Record News.*

Saved His Skin.—Breaking the glass with a chair he climbed through and clung to the sill by his fingerprints until three detectives called on him to jump.—*New York Times.*

Cockney Optimism.—
LONDON SEES SIGN
OF OPE FOR WORLD
—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

Securities Sky High.—
TWO POSTAL CLERKS
SLAIN BY EXPLOSION
OF BONDS IN MAIL
—*Harrisonburg (Va.) paper.*

They're Said to Be Good at Schemes.—
Let Widows Decide
Your Color Schemes
—*Washington Herald.*

It Often Becomes Acute.—Sacramento—Joseph Van Allen, motorman, dropt dead to-day as he boarded his car. Hearst trouble is believed to have caused his death.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Sword Swallowers in Need.—
INDIAN AGENTS
DISPATCH FOOD
TO TRIBESMEN
One Thousand Bayonets Asked for
Starving Navajo
—*Unidentified clipping.*

First Aid.—A man was told by his doctor that he must stop drinking. To overcome the craving, the doctor told him to eat something every time he felt like taking a drink. He tried it, and found that it worked rather well.

One night, however, he was in his hotel room and, upon hearing a strange sound in the next room, climbed on a chair and looked through the transom, and imagine his consternation when he saw a man just about to hang himself.

He rushed from the room, fell down the stairs three steps at a time, and grabbed hold of the hotel clerk.

"S-s-say," he stammered out. "There's a f-f-feller in the next room, the room next—next to mine. He's hanging himself. I saw him. For gosh sakes, give me a plate of ham and eggs!"—*Hopkins Journal.*

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